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GUY ALBY BUELL

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GUY



To University of California

With compliments
of the author,

Lyman A. Russell

SF
San Francisco, Apr 12th 1901.





Kodaks



BY
GUY ALBY BUELL

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This volume is respectfully dedicated to the various personalities whose idiosyncrasies are ever an inspiration, to immortalize them in "verse and worse."





MY AMERICA.

Grand, all so grand, my America,
Thy fertile valleys, thy rolling plains,
Teeming with wealth and happy homes,
Reaches from main to main.
The pilgrim, battling for freedom's right,
Planted his banner on thy rocky strand,
Bent on his knee and thanked his God
Who guided him unto this glorious land.
Built he a temple in the forest wild,
Tilled he the rich, prolific land,
Fought he for principle and right,
Died he with sword clenched in his rigid hand.
Then torn with jealousies of self,
This nation rocked on a wave of civil strife,
Upon the altar of fair fame,
Gave up its youth for Freedom's sacrifice.
At last, this inward conflict quelled,
Hope, with its guidon held on high,

KODAKS.

Waved forth the olive branch of peace,
And pointed to a haven in the starry sky.
Though hearts were sore and seemed forsaken,
They strove to honor our old flag;
They built their faith upon its stars and stripes;
Its folds in infamy they'll never drag.
As years rolled by the spirit of the vanquished,
Embittered by those years of war and pain,
Was soothed and calmed by lapse of time,
Though pent up anguish in their hearts remained.

But lo, behold, from out the ocean foam,
Comes call so plaintive from a race of slaves,
That every heart bounds with a fierce resolve
To crush the life from domineering knaves.
From North to South, from East to West,
The call to arms is answered with a will;
The Blue and Gray, shoulder to shoulder stand,
The slave to save, the tyrant's hand to still.
Once more the calm of peace steals o'er our land,
United in our hearts we stand to-day.
No North, no South, no East, no West,
All with one flag and one country.
Grand, all so grand, my America;
From ocean to ocean you stretch your arms,
And cluster in them reunited children,
Shielding them from all harm.



IDEALITY.

Men and women, each and all, seek happiness, and their ideality paints for them a butterfly they name Pleasure. Some paint it in a grotesque combination of colors and turn it loose, then try to catch it again, but they forget to tie a string to it and away it soars out of their reach. They try in vain to paint another like it, but cannot attain the proper coloring, and finally give it up, spending their allotment of years in endeavoring to capture the gay butterfly that is ever just out of reach. There are others who paint their moth a hue that matches their nature, and its colors harmonize with their circumstances. It never attempts to leave them, and day by day they enjoy its tints and draw a pleasure from its companionship that could never be gleaned were the colors brighter. Each and every day they live and enjoy life, and the life turned from the

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butterfly comparison into facts and explained as such, means that an ideal of happiness should be based upon the means and advantages within reach, to enjoy them to their uttermost and be contented without wasting time and comfort building castles in Spain that are sure to tumble whenever struck by the light of reason.

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

Let us turn back a page of time,
And endeavor to jot, not a fancy in rhyme,
But some facts of that era not long ago,
When gold was discovered, and all too slow
Was the lagging pace of an emigrant train
Wending its way o'er the trackless plain,
To that land of promise—the Golden West—
For the precious metal all were in quest.
There's many a grave on the rolling plain
Holding the form of an emigrant, slain
By the treacherous redman—that sneaking
foe,
Whose shallow soul has no sense of woe.
Hid in the depths of the billowy main
Are friends of those who crossed the plain;
Who succumbed to the heat of the tropic zone,
And in coral bed found their last long home.
Those who withstood the hardship and storm

KODAKS.

Of a voyage around rough old Cape Horn,
When safely within the Golden Gate
Shouted for joy, and with spirits elate,
Shouldered their picks and pans and stores,
And hastened away from the ocean's shores
To the inland rivers and mountain streams,
The metal of commerce from them to glean.
They did not ask, when they staked a claim,
The record of neighbors, or even their name,
And all were welcome to come and go—
Provided they hoed in their rightful row.
It was sorrow for man, and a dismal day
If by chance his greed should lead him astray;
For more than one, in slip-noosed rope,
Rued the day he left for the Golden Slope.
There was always a bar in the mining camp,
And the weary miner at night would tramp
Through the gravel and bush to squander his
dust,
For the simple reason that it seemed he must.
There they found sports, who, with games of
cards,
Raked in the dust of the bearded pards,
Who sought their own store of wealth to in-
crease,
And did not suspect the gambler would fleece.
The tragedies of those old-time camps,

KODAKS.

When the bad man shot out the flickering lamps,
If recorded and shown on the stage in play,
Would last the world forever and a day.

There were deeds of honor in those olden days,
Though shown in a miner's uncouth ways,

And many the lesson they taught to men
In those weird, low-ceiling gambling dens,
When they sought the part of ruffian to play,
For on sunny hillside they were laid away,

To sleep until Gabriel blows his horn

On that far-off resurrection morn.

Bret Harte, in his "Luck of Roaring Camp,"

Tells how the gambler was made to tramp,

How the snows of the Sierras covered his face,

While his epitaph, written upon an ace,

Was pinned to the bark of a mountain pine

By a dagger, driven between the lines.

This shows, perhaps, the worst of the life—

The gambling rough with his Bowie knife;

For the delvers in depths of mountain ravine

Felt over them glide the shimmering sheen

Of the pleasure, they'd give to far-away folk;

How they'd lift from their neck cold poverty's
yoke;

How for sorrows of the past they'd fully atone,

For man can never find pleasure alone.

Many a year has come and gone

KODAKS.

Since the caverns of gold were made to yawn,
To yield to the mortals, who, turning the
streams,

Found wealth far beyond their wildest dreams.

Now where once they flocked with rocker and
pick,

Is heard the stamp mills, clickety click,
Grinding the quartz from a deepening mine
Into atoms of dust like a powder fine ;

For massive machinery has taken the place
And distanced the miner of old in the race
For wealth and power, excepting the few
Who care not for tricks that are modern and
new,

Because the strike was never made,
Yet they struggle along, and are never afraid
But that some time they'll strike it rich
In some nook or cranny of abandoned ditch.

You can find these hermits at any time,
Living in huts near an old-time mine ;
And though age has silvered their locks with
gray,

They prospect the canyon every day,
And reflect at night what a wonderful scope
Has man who lives on the Golden Slope.
Who knows what a pocket those old boys have
struck,

KODAKS.

When you figure the ins and outs of luck?

For they've picked out their life in a simple
way;

Have panned when the sun shone bright and
gay;

Have rocked when the earth was cradled by
night,

Until time has shoveled them out of sight.

FAT JACK AND SLIM JIM.

There is a little drama that was written long ago, not by Shakespeare, but by an ordinary mortal. This drama is known as "Fat Jack and Slim Jim," and my reason in calling attention to it is, that almost any hour of the day or night you can see it being played on our streets. Fat Jack and Slim Jim were boys together, grew up together, but did not broaden out together. That qualification was reserved for Jack, while the slim portion of the programme was well taken care of by Jim. Fat Jack prospered, became wealthy and powerful, while Slim Jim retrograded in like ratio. Fat Jack cared not for the friend of his boyhood, and treacherous memory compelled him to ignore Slim Jim whenever that unfortunate specimen of rags and tatters came within range of his vision. He would see him, but mentally would resolve not to recognize him, unless compelled to do so.

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Not so with Slim Jim. He never failed to grasp the opportunity to make himself known to his old chum, and would elbow his way through a crowd of fashionables, slap him on the shoulder with a hearty, "God bless you, old fellow; how are you?"

"I guess you are mistaken, sir; I don't know you."

"What! Don't know me? Why, I'm Slim Jim. We used to play hookey together and howled in unison when punished. Don't you recollect now?"

"No, I don't; but here's a dollar for your remarkable imagination."

"That's a poor offering, but I'll see you again, Fat Jack."

If you are observing and should follow Fat Jack as he meanders down the street you will surely see his Slim Jim.

**WARRANTED TO SOOTHE A DISCIPLE OF
BLACKSTONE.**

He's gone the way of all the flesh
That's heir to earthly ills,
But ere he left this vale of tears
He penned a few last wills—

Telling to whom he'd leave his cash—
How large or small the share—
To be enjoyed by those he loved—
The wills were signed James Fair.

Some folks conversant with his past
Have raised a wish on high
That Jim is perched upon a cloud
Where he can see and sigh—

Sigh for the time when in his prime,
Midst mines and silver mill,

KODAKS.

He squelched the hopes of any man
Who dared oppose his will.

See, with an eye undimmed by tears,
What he feared when ending life's journey—
A bustle and tussle of jaw-bone muscle
By many a well-bred attorney.

But their wishes are said to be in vain,
As he neither sees nor sighs,
And none of his treasure ever went
For a mansion in the skies.

Yet down below where Satan stores
His imps and keeps the cases,
Old Jim is getting a corner on fire,
And reckons he holds four aces.

He knows the time will surely come
For the so-called souls to sever,
From the bodies of those who broke his will—
To be doomed to hell forever.

And when they reach the bottomless pit,
Their fate will be worse than a sawyer's,
For the devil has promised to let him grill
Every one of those will-breaking lawyers.

HEREDITARY TASTE.

The average individual has about as much conception of the length, breadth, possibilities, impossibilities and habits of the United States as a nation as a South Sea cannibal has of a pink tea. Desiring, like all who possess the freedom of speech, the pleasure of using it, they do so sometimes—to the same ilk and again to the emptiness of self. It has the effect of spoiling the taste of their bread and butter, hardening the couch on which they seek repose, of poisoning the minds of their offspring, who, having the hereditary taint of taste, follow the paternal footsteps to the carrion, where, buried to their eyes, their nose fails to scent the breeze of knowledge and comfort blown from the field of cheerfulness that makes life worth living, for the sake of others as well as self.

RECRIMINATION.

The facility with which some ministers condemn believers in other creeds to the shades of everlasting darkness can only be equalled by the condemned retaliating in like manner. They're a good deal like two boys walking toward each other on the top of a picket fence—neither one will get off, and as a consequence in the scrimmage that ensues, they fall to terra firma and both escape without accident. The difference between the minister and the boys is that the boys stay on the broad foundation while the divines climb back on the fence and keep up an argument about the loophole of Heaven inscribed with their creed, hinged with their faith and unlocked only when the applicant for a harp and crown has been bapsoused in the manner prescribed by the framers of their constitution and by-laws.

THE TREND OF WEALTH.

I dreamed I had ten million dollars—
Great Caesar's ghost! What fun I had,
When with that boodle in a sack,
I joined the rich and grew quite bad.

"Ten million dollars; now be careful,"
Was thought forever in my head,
"Or soon you'll be a lonely pauper,
And lying with the potter's dead."

How quick I caught the canting words
That emanate from tongues of rich,
Who take a road and both its sides,
And shove the workman in a ditch.

"Ten million dollars! There's a man
Who's going to strike me for four bits;
I wonder if he'll take a dime,
Or else a nickel, and call it quits?"

KODAKS.

Thus was I fretted—day in, day out—
For fear I'd lose that precious wealth;
To keep it hid was constant care,
And called for many tricks of stealth.

One day a caller came and said:
"Here, Millions; I have use for you."
I went, and with him passed the gate
To where the devil claims his due.

Then Satan reached a skinny hand,
And said: "Old boy, I'll take a check
For every cent of wealth you have,
And then I'll wring your stingy neck."

I called to God to save my wealth,
And keep me from the devil's yoke;
But Satan kicked me in the pit
And shocked me so, that I awoke

To find myself the same as ever,
But full of strong and fierce resolve
To never hanker to be rich,
Or problem of the wealthy solve.

CALIFORNIA DIALECT.

Californians are very fond of expatiating on the dialects of New Englanders and Southerners, and derive considerable amusement from imitating the usual twang of one and the lisp and roll of the other. Of course, it has never occurred to them that the inhabitants of this gilded dome of the United States are unconsciously forming a dialect that promises to be as lasting as that of their Eastern and Southern brethern. Listen to any group of people conversing, whether they be educated or otherwise, and notice the frequency of that abomination, "ain't." Also observe the number of words ending with "ing" in which the "g" is not sounded at all. Take note of the word "them" and see if in the majority of cases it is not pronounced "'em." There are others, but these are the most flagrant offenses and are absurd and entirely uncalled

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for. The habit is very likely caused by the average Californian's lack of time, or rather supposed lack of time, as the expenditure of the required amount of breath, the exertion of the tongue and the fraction of a second consumed are the same in either case, so there is no excuse whatever for the vulgarities of speech mentioned.

AN ABUSED PROFESSIONAL.

The banker, when counting his bright shekels
o'er,
And figuring out whom he will pay,
Thinks the doctor who cured his cold last fall
Doesn't need any money to-day.

The merchant, when taking account of his stock,
And asking extensions of time,
Counts the doctor as one who will willingly
wait—
His asking for money's a crime.

The mechanic, who's working just half of the
time,
Pays the butcher, the baker and rent;
The doctor, of course, has no use for coin;
So he doesn't pay him a cent.

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The farmer, who's holding his last year's crop
In vain hope that the price will raise,
Borrows money to pay various mercantile dues,
While his doctor gets nothing but praise.

This concert of action in dodging M. D.'s,
When settling the old and new bills,
Is claimed by the doctors to be bad taste—
Even worse than a dose of their pills.
Still they dose and slash and cheerfully heed
Every sickly and maimed mortal's cry;
For, as one of them said, "I might as well live—
It is much too expensive to die."

HANKERING.

I have just been engaged in the very dry work of compiling statistics, and have almost come to believe as the man did who said there were three kinds of lies—"lies, d— lies and statistics." Not willing to fully accept the statement until I had the present task completed, I laid it aside and meditated on the humorist's remark that "a young man starts out to carve a herculean statue of marble that will endure forever as a monument to his genius, and when he reaches the age of 35 concludes to put a tail on it and call it a dog," or, as another one puts it, "the boy gathers materials for a temple and when he is 30 concludes to build a woodshed."

Verily, I fear there is much of truth in the sayings, but what becomes of all the dreams and hopes and efforts that are put forth by those who, in the vigor of young sturdy manhood,

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with intellect to match their brawn, start out with the firm determination of capturing a zone and come home with a woodchuck? Are they really and truly satisfied with the woodchuck? They are. Why? Why, because a zone is a wary bird and must be followed from early morn till dewy eve. Through the stilly hours of night, while nature sleeps and man carouses, the zone must be watched. From month to month and from year to year the elusive creature must be followed with the determination of a bloodhound. No switching off the pathway to chat with maiden fair; no resting at the wayside inn to partake of the cup that cheers; no listening to the idle prattle of your kind, for if you do, your zone is a gone gosling as far as you are concerned, and you will probably drop the chase when the zone is just about tired out, and a frêsh hunter will capture the prize and leave you forever wishing you had kept on a little longer.

Supposing you had kept on, been in at the death and secured the brush, you would be like Jemima, who cooks a dinner that any mortal sinner would walk ten miles barefooted to partake of, and she, poor Jemima, can't bear the sight of it. She had "more as plenty" while doing the cooking.

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With all this prologue I haven't got an inch nearer the actual why of the case, but it must be that when the young man starts out in the world on his self-appointed task of anchoring a zone in some Eden-like vale and there sipping the honey of life for an indefinite period, that his hankerings and passions and fancies are strung out from him like the tendrils of a fragile vine. Each and every hankering has a tendril, and as he goes tearing along through the rugged underbrush of experience, they are, one by one, torn away until but one remains. Sometimes this is the zone hankering, sometimes it is the gold hankering, sometimes it is the fame hankering, but oftener than all it is the woodchuck hankering, and, as the other tendrils have been torn away, this one has reached such abnormal development that he thinks a woodchuck was what he started after; finds one, bags it and returns to the land of his fathers, supremely content that he has accomplished his mission.

HE WAS NEVER SATISFIED.

From four to eight, like other boys,
He hankered only after toys;
 From eight to twelve he longed for gore,
 And read dime novels by the score;
From twelve to sixteen he disliked home—
O'er the wide world he longed to roam;
 From sixteen to twenty he was blind,
 For girls alone were on his mind;
When time took him to twenty-five
He found he'd have to work to thrive;
 At thirty he began to think
 The world was full clear to the brink
Of men like he, who sought careers,
And earned their share of slights and jeers;
 At thirty-five he thought he knew
 Of politics a thing or two,
But when his party was empowered,
They skipped him, and on that he soured;

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When forty rolled around his way
He found his hair was turning gray,
And of desire he had one aim—
To leave a pure, unsullied name;
As half a century crossed his way,
His honor seemed to go astray;
He sought the thing he didn't need—
More gold to satisfy his greed;
When three-score greeted him one day
It found him half inclined to pray
For youth and comfort of the time
When he was poor and health was prime;
At seventy he grew sick and died,
But just before his death he cried:
"Oh, Lord, take all my earthly wealth,
And give me one more year of health."

THE CIPHERS.

"Pa, what is a man?"

"My son, man is called the noblest work of God."

"Yes; but is he?"

"I don't know, my son. Why?"

"Well, I just thought if he was that God must have done some mighty ornery jobs in his time. But pa, what is a woman?"

"A woman, my son, is the fairest creature in the universe."

"What's a universe?"

"Oh, an immense space."

"Is there any one else besides women in the universe, pa?"

"Yes, my son; but they don't count."

FIN DE SIECLE MATRIMONY.

Young man with a guileless fancy,
Takes a notion to Miss Nancy;
Escorts her on all occasions,
Though it shortens up his rations.

Oft he smiles on the fair creature—
This of courting is a feature—
And for her he'll bundles carry—
Previous to the time they marry.

He experiences many a spasm;
Joking friends tell him he has 'em;
While he thinks a dismal failure
Are the efforts of his tailor.

Time jogs on, Nancy—now Mrs.—
Oft at eve her hubby misses;
He goes one way, she another;
Least of all they like each other.

THE SILURIAN'S LAMENT.

Am I dying, Stockton, dying?
Wipe the green scum from my brow.
Tell me, will I rest with Moses
On a ledge of his cloud mow?

I was born with heart too clammy;
Raised too selfish to discern;
Lived too long with pauper virtues—
I refuse to die and burn.

I shall last till wild blasts sounding
From the mouth of Gabriel's horn,
Call to life the dead of ages
On the resurrection morn.

Then I'll join the mouldy spirits,
Hurrying on with bones uncurried,
For I've earned the right and title
To be numbered with the buried.

BEHIND THE MASK.

No amount of education or polish can eradicate naturally bad qualities. They may be cleverly disguised, but nevertheless show when opportunity is offered, and the contrast is all the more striking on account of the gloss that has been liberally rubbed on in the hope of making good the vile nature that lies underneath.



SELFISHNESS.

How prone mortals are to complain. It is difficult to be philosophical at all times, for in the majority of cases, when a mistake is made, some one else is blamed when in reality self is at fault. A trinket is lost and the loser tries to reason out why his luck is so bad. A person becomes ill and curses fate for the misfortune. A friend or relative dies and loses the power to feel fleeting joys and lasting sorrows; they are mourned by the selfish ones left, who think the Death Angel might have sought elsewhere for his victim.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is a trait that is primarily inherited and secondarily improved by cultivation. It is the quality that compels a man to listen and smile approval to the remarks of some would-be director of the universe, for the simple reason of having him go away with a proud feeling in his heart and a pleasant taste in his mouth, for these mouth organs take as much pleasure and satisfaction in chewing over words as a cow does in chewing her cud and with the same results, as the benefit can be of no use to anyone but the actual participants.

ONE THING DONE WELL.

In youth he went to college,
And tried to take his part
By pouring o'er the text books,
'Til he knew them all by heart.

'Twas then a friend, malicious,
Said the knowledge was no use,
And in the start discouraged him—
He believed it, like a goose.

Then he turned his hand to labor
And almost learned a trade,
But forsook the honest calling
For remarks that had been made—

To the effect that he could never—
If he tried for fifty years—

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Learn to be a star mechanic ;
He couldn't stand such jeers..

He tackled sundry other things
He hoped would give renown;
But seemed to have a penchant
To be branded as a clown. .

He could not win a word of praise,
No matter how he tried,
And finally, weary of the task,
Gave up the ghost and died.

Saint Peter met him at the gate,
With his usual winning smile,
And asked him what he'd done to earn
A pass o'er heaven's stile.

"Great keeper of the keys and seals,"
The weary pilgrim cried,
"I never did but one good thing,
And that was, when I died."

The pearly gates rolled wide apart,
And, as he passed within,
Saint Peter murmured, sotto voce,
"There's many more like him."

A CELESTIAL VIRTUE.

The "heathen Chinese," who is a long way from being overstocked with virtues, has one that is worthy of emulation by any civilized race under the sun. When his New Year's day comes around he does not swear a stack of abstinence swears that he has no intention of keeping, but he does pay his debts. This he considers a religious duty and would no more think of evading them than he would of stealing the roast pig from a funeral cortege. Failure to pay would ostracize him from the society and good will of his countrymen. They would consider him too common to be slaughtered in an alley by a highbinder, and his presence at a tan layout, opium joint or any other Celestial pastime would not be tolerated. So he hedges from beginning to end of the year, pays all claimants and anything that remains over he expends in Mon-

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gol dissipations, such as gin festivals, domino wakes, cat pies at the swell restaurant of Chinatown until he feels and looks like an animated joss. When his fun is all over he takes up the grubbing hoe, washboard or stewpan, lottery ticket or highbinder gas pipe, according to his vocation in life, and plods through the year, dreaming of the good time coming. His Melican friend emulates his celebrating tendencies, but goes him one better and in place of meeting his obligations and feasting on the rest, feasts on all of it and lets his sad-hearted creditors do the fasting.

LES MISERABLES.

Poets for ages and ages have sung
Of grief and kindred woes,
Until their weary, faltering tongues
Stopped wiggling with their toes.

They will tell how in hour of direst need
They yearn for Heaven and home,
But forget to mention 'tis only a greed
To gnaw somebody else's bone.

To lay down in comfort under a roof,
Where no rude hand will arouse,
Because the world now stands aloof
And no wealth is left to carouse ;

'This is the time the song of home
Sinks deep in the wanderer's heart,

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For joy and pleasure both have flown—
Their paths have drifted apart.

So, weary and footsore, draggled by fate,
And sinking in sands of time,
He turns to the hands that lovingly wait
To carry him over the line.

HONOR AND DISHONOR.

There's a river of life
And a sewer of crime,
That flow together
Through the sands of time.

There's danger in stemming
The river that flows
On a winding course
Through the valley of woes.

Through the meadow of pleasure
It simmers and gleams,
Then rages with fury
In the rocky ravines.

Oftimes a frail craft
Is wrecked on some reef

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Which serves as a warning
Of the danger beneath—

To those who by wisdom
And hatred of strife
Travel safely the channel
Of the river of life.

To those who should fall
In the sewer of crime
Is lost all the hope
Of a life that's sublime.

For the reekings of murder
And robbery and lust
Will cling to a mortal
Till he crumbles to dust.

BIERCING.

Rumor is a poor source of information, but occasionally it mixes up with a poor subject, so honors are equal; but it will have to stand sponsor for the tale that Ambrose Bierce has repented and offered atonement. He is said to have realized that a worm-eaten spirit is a heavy burden and that his own has grown too heavy to carry. Emotion has secured such a hold on his imagination that he has pictured himself in hell, with no power of locomotion but poetic feet, nothing to eat except home-made words, nothing to breathe but his own vaporings, nothing to see but McEwen smoking the pipe of peace, and nothing to hear save the fancies of James Whitcomb Riley. Is it any wonder that he has voluntarily offered himself on the altar of sacrifice? Not in the least, and the Pasteur Institute is waiting with feverish anxiety for the

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time to come when they will parboil and refine him, select the animal fat from the virus and begin a system of interesting experiments. That they will make a success no one can doubt, and in later years Biercing will be considered a necessity, and when a child shows symptoms of general cantankerousness the family physician will promptly vaccinate him with Bierce poison, force the varioloid and save the as yet unsullied innocent from a life-long attack of spleenmania.

THE MICROBE OF THE SOUL.

I'd heard some stories of an oddish man—
A recluse from the world, the flesh and all—
Who could dissect a human being's moods
And give the reason of their rise and fall.

I sought him, and with plaint for knowledge,
Gained an entrance to his mood-observing
den,
Where, ranged in vials on some shelves,
Were what he termed the hopes and fears of
men.

To question of "what seek you to attain?"
He sighed, then oped his lips and spake:
"If life is long enough my one desire is
To find what elements a perfect being make.

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"I've had the cast-off souls of many mortals here,
And blending them together is my art;
One trouble is, a soul is most worn out
When of the body it declines to be a part.

"A soul develops and perforce inclines
To grow abnormal when to passion lent;
The proof of this is test by crucible
Where residuum shows mainly discontent.

"Conjured and coddled, spurred on by vain desire,
It seeks to rise above contentment's plain,
And wakes, when falling in the muck and mire,
To learn what 'tis to self disdain.

"'Tis this that keeps me from the haunts of
men;
I seek a balm the microbe to cajole,
But hope is worn to texture of the air,
And discontent has gained another soul."

LIAR.

“LIAR”—Quite a word, isn’t it? Looking at it, standing solitary and alone, its barren simplicity has an apparent menace and looks almost as if there were a clenched fist somewhere in the immediate vicinity, ready and willing to back up the assertion.

* * *

There is quite a diversity of opinion as to what constitutes a liar, and the word is often applied wrongfully when a little meditation would avert the injustice.

For instance, we have the exaggerator, who is the genius Baron Munchausen or a fac simile. It is a rank insult to a genuine liar to be classed with him, for the exaggerator finds hearers and believers only with those people who are too lazy to work their own thinker; who themselves lack inspiration and depend for amusement entirely upon the statements of others.

~ KODAKS.

Scandal mongers are included in the category. That is, they are of the same family, but of an inferior class, for instead of supplying harmless delusions that fortify a brain by leaving it desirous of something better and more satisfying, they are purveyors of delinquencies, or supposed delinquencies, of their fellow men and women that gain in strength and rottenness as they pass from mouth to mouth, the tale-bearer, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, being more of a blot on the community than the one maligned.

* * *

Then there is the prevaricator—a harmless individual, whose name is legion. Anyone who is the victim of a prevaricator's remarks most assuredly deserves to be, for his method is simply to dodge the issue, or, in other words, not to give a direct reply to questions, but still leave the impression that he is in accord with the querist's wishes. A reasoner does not assume a matter to be settled unless a remark is made that means an out and out yes or no. An answer that could be construed either way would not satisfy him, but a moderate amount of insistence would convince him that the questioned

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either could not or would not give the desired information, and he would desist.

* * *

The men who attain proficiency in the art of prevaricating very often accept politics as their chosen vocation, and in time become factors in moulding the destiny of the nation, and begin their march for the Presidential chair by carrying to a successful issue a campaign for some city or county office. Occasionally that is as far as they get.

* * *

Now we have the liar, but before we roll him around in the mud and mutilate him so his mother wouldn't recognize him, let us first investigate him from the sunny side and see if he has any virtues. The ancient and time-honored maxim of "tell the truth and shame the devil" is a good enough policy for a vinegar-visaged, praying hypocrite, who will tell you with one breath that the Diety loves you, and with the next state the different breeds of hell and damnation kept on tap for those who fail to worship Him properly or keep His commandments. It is also a good policy for a person who possesses

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neither heart nor soul, no sentiment to appeal to, and no ideas of general consistency to upset. But there are times when it is policy to lie; not only to lie, but to stick to it, no matter what comes or goes, for occasionally by so doing people can be saved from suffering, and what they don't know will never hurt them.

* * *

Why advocate lying? Beg pardon; I am not advocating it, but simply calling attention to a few points. Of course lying of any kind would be absolutely unnecessary if every one were a philosopher. But every one is not, and never will be. Human nature is the same old back number as ever, and the philosophically inclined flock so much by themselves that the probabilities are the qualities will never become contagious.

* * *

You, my middle-aged friend, who have anywhere from one to half a dozen children growing up, how do you teach them to be truthful? Do you teach them to come to you with every kind of yarn they hear and any kind of a scrape they get into, and talk to them as though they

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were your equal; point out to them the sinfulness of the deed, separate the seed from the chaff for them; then pat them on the head and say: "Come and talk to dad any time and don't be afraid?" Or do you say: "If ever I catch you doing such a thing I'll lambaste the liver out of you?" If the latter is the case you will be likely to raise as many liars as you have children, for self-preservation, the first law of nature, is as instinctive to a child as breathing, and it is absolutely safe to speculate that a child who anticipates a punishment for some indiscretion will lie if it thinks by so doing there is a possibility of averting the calamity. I do not blame them, and neither do you, if you can put yourself in their place, which is a very difficult matter for a person to do who is bent on seeing but one side of a case, and that one their own.

* * *

The liar who lies with malice in such a way as to injure his fellow man, either financially, physically or morally, is the scum of the earth and deserves to be ostracized the same as a murderer. One can guard against thieves by bolts and bars; by ordinary precaution can generally

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avert physical disaster; by flocking with the proper kind of birds can keep their cloak of morals unspotted; but there has as yet to be invented a method that is a safeguard against the liar.

* * *

I mean the kind of a "LIAR" that looks as if there were a clenched fist back of it.



STILL AN ENIGMA.

To those who daily study
Human beings and their freaks,
Note the way they blow their noses
And the language that they speak,
Who have grave hallucinations
Of the font of mortal sin
That they voice in predilections
Aimed at those of nearest kin;
Who can tell man's daily habits
By the contour of his ears,
And by measuring his digits
Prophesy his span of years—
I would ask if they have ever
Tried to find out from man's walk
Something of the style and manner
He would very likely talk?
Simply guessing at their answer,
We'll suppose such is the case,

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And their walking, like their talking,
Slow or like a steeplechase;
Some are heavy in their accent,
Likewise have a heavy walk;
Others have a voice of velvet—
Like a tiger soft they stalk.
It is safe to say that every
Son of man who treads the ground,
In his walk has some resemblance
To the words he mouths and sounds.
But a woman is one creature
That no action is a guide
To portray her inmost nature
Or the speed her tongue will glide.
She may be young, with carriage graceful,
Yet her words she's slow to voice;
She may be old and slow of motion—
Talking, talking, is her choice;
She may have many traits or features
That her mode of life reveals,
But she never tells by walking
If she talks or squawks or squeals.

RESPECT POVERTY—IT MIGHT CHANGE.

Once on a time, as stories go,
In a quaint old country town,
Lived a lad known as "that boy of Nate's,"
Who was termed the village clown.

Ungainly and awkward as a baby calf,
He was always filled with woe,
And to add to his lack of personal looks,
Wore the worst of mismatched clothes.

Like the mongrel with can attached to his tail,
That from every one gets a kick,
The lad was disheartened by curses and blows,
And of life, with its cares, was sick.

One night he was roused from his miserable
bed
By the gleam of the bright moonlight,

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And, gazing far off in that brilliant flood,
Resolved to find safety in flight.

He wandered afar from his childhood's home,
To a land where all was new;
Where clowns were unknown, if a nature proved
That it cared to be right and true.

"That boy of Nate's" soon earned his friends,
And they to the lad gave hope
That some day a fortune he'd certainly own,
That was dug on the Golden Slope.

Unprophetic as guess of a miner may be,
Still they always say what they like,
But this time the words proved more than true,
For "that boy of Nate's" made a strike.

One day to a quaint old country town,
Came a man who desired to buy
The houses and lots of everyone there,
And wanted to mortgage the sky.

They fell in love with his every word,
And attempted by every stealth,
To gain the good will of the lucky man,
Who had such a world of wealth.

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After they all had bowed and smirked
In a quaint old country town,
He told them that he was "that boy of Nate's"—
Did they remember "the village clown?"

"Well—well—yes ; but that was long ago ;
Now, you know, you've gained renown ;
You'll surely spend your life in peace
In this quaint old country town?"

But he firmly declined, and went away
From that quaint old country town,
And ever, from that day unto this,
They have had no village clowns.

AN OLD STORY.

What a glorious conception of possibilities the young are endowed with. This was brought to my notice very plainly on reading a wedding announcement recently, as I am acquainted with the contracting parties, and know the groom to be a nice boy who earns about seven dollars per week and the bride to be a daughter of the proverbially poor but honest parents. The boy has no immediate prospect of a raise of salary and neither one has any wealthy relatives or friends to help them, and if they did have, the chances are they wouldn't. You old boys and girls who are familiar with the complications liable to conjugal felicity can foresee a few of the thorns that will prod these youngsters for donning marital armor ere they possess the wherewithal to keep it burnished. Romance is very nice and should be cultivated, but should never

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be harvested until there is a warehouse to store it in, and an empty stomach craves something that the heart-beat of passion will not satisfy. Neither can a ragged back be clothed and warmed by words of affection and love will "fly out of the window," providing there is one to fly out of, just as quick to-day as it ever would if there are no creature comforts in the house to entice it to remain.

TO BE A SAGE, REQUIRES OLD AGE.

The keen observer of the past,
Who knoweth all wise things,
Loves to caution the unwary
Of hidden, living stings.
He also acts as counselor
In guidance through the strife,
And points his bony finger
At the various spans of life.

He tells with tender accent
Of childhood's happy days,
When the panorama shows them
Joy in many and varied ways,
Of the days when they were learning
Theories stilted to the time,
That their elders try to argue
Lead to life, pure and sublime.

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He marks as the most trying stage,
Or epoch of man's time,
Is when he lines the orbit
Leading to a life divine;
When he is groping blindly
For the road that leads to fame,
With a heart full of desire
To gain himself a name.

Then the calm of the meridian,
When he views the after glow
Of dreams that never were attained—
Those hopes of long ago.
He shows the gray haired patriarch
In the honor of old age;
He's burned out every living hope,
And thus becomes a sage.

THEY NEVER CHANGE.

Professor Jordan says: "Man is prone to look on things as they are, and women more prone to look to what things may become."

I suppose the professor is prepared to back his assertion up with several cords of argument, but I beg leave to differ with him about the mental vision of the male biped and will temper his remarks by stating that man is prone to look on things as he supposes they are, and his suppositions are just about as correct as those of an intuitive female. He will jump at a conclusion without attempting to ascertain what it is loaded with, and occasionally it goes off before he has time to drop it.

The average man listens just as attentively to the voice of a mischief maker as does a sewing circle scandal monger; drinks in the words of deceit poured into his ears by the wily individual

who for the time being has undertaken the task of driving spikes in some one's coffin. This amateur coffin maker is the bane of modern civilization and is the obstacle that forever blocks the way to good fellowship among mankind. He is the individual who, for some real or fancied grievance, lays awake nights studying up ways and means to destroy his victim's credit or standing in society. He is the unbalanced scavenger who imagines himself a hero because he maligns an individual who neglected to word a prayer the way he would, or who failed to accent an amen that chorded with his conception of harmony.

Women talk about each other in a spiteful manner. Man looks on, listens and says, "They don't mean anything; they're just talking." And readily forgets the vituperation.

Men talk about each other, trade on each other's gullibility to a greater extent than women ever dreamed of doing. The Honorable John Goldbug sits in his private office brooding over a fancied wrong and resolves to circulate a story that a certain man agreed to do a certain thing and failed to keep his promise. Of course he would have to be very circumspect in starting the narrative. It wouldn't do to say that he, the

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upright citizen, was the instigator of such a tale. He would simply say that he heard thus and so. He would be no worse than many another coward and would have ample precedent for his fiction.

Of course his friends would attach a great deal of importance to what so noble a man had heard and would lend wings to the story without attempting to ascertain or even questioning the whys and wherefores of the allegation.

Therefore, I say the country needs a new man; needs him worse than it does a new woman, and never will get him any more than it will a new woman, for she will be a woman just the same, even if she wears four pair of knickerbockers; and a man will be a man just the same; just as easy to gull, just as easy to arouse malice and jealousy in his heart, as if he had the philosophy of ten centuries condensed and packed into his cranium.



FANCY HELPS MANY A CAUSE.

The frogs were croaking in the marsh,
One spring time eve, so calm and still;
When weaving through the shades of time,
Came memory of an olden thrill.

That vague and shadowy, startling shock,
Followed so oft by shivering chill;
A starting point for wealth or joy,
Or milestone marking birth or ill.

A step outside the rut of life,
Beyond the cares which seem to shroud,
To view a rainbow of desire,
That melts into a sombre cloud,

That for a time, too brief by far,
Holds heart and brain in vise-like way,
Till tyrant reason holds a court,
And triumphs to resume its sway—

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A ruler that is worse by far
Than hand of man could ever be,
For reason holds the curtain back
So heart and brain can plainly see—

A face that's but a smiling mask,
A form that's naught but earthy clay,
A mind too shallow to discern
The time to work or place to play.

Then judgment of the self revokes
The opening of a cancerous sore;
Rebuilds a soul within the form,
And softly spreads the curtain o'er.

WEARY RAGGLES SERMON.

A cadaverous, knee-sprung, buckskin plug, who answers to the name of Nancy Hanks, and I concluded to go bumming in the country last Sunday. That is, I did the concluding and Nancy Hanks the going. We had a real pleasant time, jogging along the highways and watching the myriads of nimble little squirrels that assist the farmer in running up his expense account while they are running over and under his fields; admiring the farm houses, with sacks and old comforters stuffed into broken windows; harvesters and gang plows grouped gracefully in the front yard; pigs gamboling over the place where the lawn ought to be, and a broken-backed barn or two in the background. Such pastoral scenes thrill my heart with a kind of vinegar joy and I hasten away from them for fear that I may be overcome with swelling emotions and die on the premises.

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There was a church at a cross roads, and from the large number of vehicles congregated at that point the house must have been well filled. A gay and joyous bride of some fifty summers sat on the church steps, giving a child in arms some lunch, which nature had been thoughtful enough to have her bring with her. Three little boys were playing one-old-cat in the shadow of the building, and out through the open door, into the bright, glad sunshine, floated the words of the pastor. They were of the old-fashioned, revival kind—loud enough and light enough to float anywhere. We were tired, but knew that wouldn't be a good place to 'rest until the minister finished unwinding his alarm clock, so we journeyed on for a couple of miles, and, turning Nancy loose to browse on the verdure, I sat down on a grassy knoll, 'neath a wide spreading oak, and proceeded to meditate upon the evils of humanity. Lost in reverie, I was unconscious of the approach of a pedestrian until he stood beside me. He was a genuine "Weary Raggles," with a tin can at his belt and a roll of ragged blankets on his back; his hair resembled a miniature haystack, and cinnamon brown toes peered from his rusty shoes.

"Well?" said I.

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"Well?" said he.

"Where's your crown of thorns?"

"Where's my what?"

"Crown of thorns. Aren't you a follower of honest labor?"

"Yes, I foller it, but I take dern good care not to ketch it."

"Where's your cross of gold?"

"Along with my other valuables, I reckon. What d'ye think I'd be doin' with one any way?"

"Just carrying it around to show plutocrats the miserable existence you are following."

"That's yer lead, is it? Well, jest let me tell yer I aint miserable. Do yer imagine fur a minit thet I looks miserable?"

"You certainly have license to be classed in that category."

"Well, yer mistaken. I'm one of the most independent men in the world, I am. I used ter be what is called respecterble, but got over it. I wus a business man in a big city once. Don't look much like it now, do I? Ha! ha! I got tired of gettin' up at a certain hour and goin' ter an office and listening ter all kinds of kicks from people I didn't care a dem fur, and chippin' in fur this thing and that thing and eatin' at jest sech a time, but I reckon I could have stood

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that kind of graft all right if I hadn't discovered what a set of all-fired liars people are, and if they aint liars they've got to be lied to to make them think they're enjoyin' life. Why, bless yer soul, when I wus a young feller I jumped inter the swim with a heart full of good resolutions and a desire to tell the truth at all times. I started in thet way, and when a man came into my office I talked ter him straight from my heart and gave him the benefit of my experience and told him facts about things he wanted ter buy uv me, and he'd go away and buy from some smart aleck down the street and tell him to boot thet I wus the biggest liar in the city. Course, I eventually heard these things and it made me mad—mad-dern blazes, and I fell right into the trap, and purty soon I had the game as well as the name. But they's allus sum shark layin' around and tryin' to get a man's business away from him. Everybody lies to him. Course, they go about it in different ways. His spiritual adviser aint jest like his banker and his banker aint like his political friends, who hold office or want office; but they all get there accordin' to their creed and callin', and the hull batch of them jest made me so sick that I sold out my business, took to the road, an' here I am. Purty, aint I? Ha! ha!

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Wouldn't go fur in a \$10,000 beauty show, but yer can bet yer sweet persimmons thet I aint got any responsibilities. I don't belong to nothin' nor nobody; don't hav ter go ter bed nur get up unless I want ter; don't haf ter lie ter anybody and anybody don't haf ter lie ter me. I eat when I get a chance, which suits me, and I wouldn't trade places wid McKinley himself. See?"

I don't really know whether I saw or not. Nancy was rested, and, getting into the buggy, I returned to town, and have been wondering whether I dreamed the foregoing or whether Weary Raggles paused by the wayside that peaceful Sabbath morning and preached to me a sermon.

OUR FLAG AND COUNTRY.

By every hearthstone in this land of freedom,
Fond hearts are mourning for the martyred
slain,
Who passed beyond the pale of life and sorrow,
While serving Uncle Sam upon the Mainè.

Hearts true as steel, they sought to serve
Old freedom's banner, waved on high,
On peaceful mission to a foreign nation—
Who could foresee the way that they should
die?

Had gallant ship gone down in height of combat,
Midst crashing shells and cannon's thundering
roar,
On gilded shrine their names would be en-
scrolled
As heroes now, to-day and evermore.

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But mocking treachery, the birthright of a Latin-speaking race,

That either is a tyrant or a cringing hound,
Has wrested from us brave and faithful seamen,
At thought of which our hearts with anger
bound.

Yes, bound and throb, with all the warlike spirit
That can abide within the heart of youth ;
The spirit that upholds right for right's sake,
That fights with open face and fears no truth.

Why should the poltroon of the land and sea,
In rank but little better than the Turk,
Be left to gloat o'er wreck of ruined homes,
Or given a chance to do some other dirty
work?

Why should this nation, rich beyond all dreams,
With lands of gold and peaceful, happy homes,
Be made the victim of the wrath and hate
Of sneaking, stealing, slave-driving Spanish
drones?

Why should we wait until their caviling hordes,
Who change their minds with every breath of
air,

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Have had the time to build more ships and plan
A scheme of wreckage for our country fair?

The land which they infest and call a nation—
Not half so large as this, our Golden State—
Holds but a potpourri of wretched vermin,
Scum of the earth, from humans far relate.

The cruelties they practiced on their subjects—
A better name would be to call them slaves—
Who had their homes upon the Queen of Antilles,
Proves them to be a nest of snarling knaves.

Woe, woe, is war, and war is woe,
For death must claim a tithe in time of strife;
But better brilliant death than weak dishonor,
Which menaces to sap the nation's life.

Give them a chance to prove their non-con-
nivance
With dastard action that has wrecked the
Maine;
Sent gallant sailors down to Davy Jones;
Branding a nation with the curse of Cain.



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Then, if 'tis proven to the satisfaction
Of those who have the power to call to arms,
That treachery wrecked the noble warship,
Ring forth the tocsin for general alarm.

Some think that patriotism has died out—
Love of our country and our homes an ancient
myth;
Love of the flag we've sworn to love and honor,
A memory full of sentiment, but lacking pith.

But should the trumpet sound o'er land and sea:
"Americans, your flag is trampled in the dust,
And needs your help to nail it to the masthead."
Think you the call would read, "You must?"

No; for brave hearts with love of country crowd-
ing
Their petty hopes and selfish joys aside,
Would march to battle and lay down their lives
For the same flag for which their fathers died.

A MODERN PLAGUE.

Ever since human beings accumulated the habit of keeping diaries on pyramids, in tombs or some outlandish place where no one would think of looking for them, with a system of hieroglyphics no one could understand but themselves, put down in something the same manner as the country merchant who could not write, but had a crude idea of drawing, and when he sold anything on credit made a sketch in his book of the purchaser and the articles he bought and trusted to luck in staying alive until the man paid up, we have the records of various kinds of plagues. There have been plagues of war and religion, of fevers and smallpox, of famine and drouth, of flood and fire, of grasshoppers and locusts; but the plague of the nineteenth century is the plague of scientists. We pick up our daily paper and read on the first page a scholastic de-

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lineation by the Honorable So-and-So on the benefits to be derived from drinking water and how the free and unrestrained use of the same prolongs life. On the next page is a masterly article by Doctor Somebody, who explains why and how the human frame is turned to stone by drinking water, and who proves beyond a doubt that it is suicide, pure and simple, for a human being to partake of the nectar Jupiter sipped. On the next page is a lengthy article on bread, the staff of life, which goes on to explain how man could live and thrive on bread alone, how it makes brain and brawn; while on the following page the eminent specialist, Professor Humbug, tells how the use of bread undermines the system; how it ferments in the stomach, ruins the general health and finally forces those who partake of same into an untimely grave.

Astronomers destroy our equanimity and disturb our peaceful slumbers by explaining to us in lucid and comprehensive manner that the sun is about to become a planet, divided against itself, and how the part that shakes the paternal roof and takes to the road will, if it succeeds in passing the temptations of the milky-way (not generally known as the cocktail route or tenderloin of the skies) likely make a bosom friend of

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this little one-horse world of ours, and in the heat of its passion roast it to a cinder, or else by the force of its superior attractions, lead it off on a high old skylarking tour to visit other worlds, and, if possible, knock them off their pins. It makes my blood run cold to think of all the horrible things that are liable to happen to us at any moment. The wise men's words ring in our ears and we see poison lurking in the innocent-looking viands we are invited to eat, taste microbes in every mouthful of air we breathe, instinctively dodge whenever we see a shadow, thinking it is a vagrant world on the rampage; and really there would be one good thing accomplished if the sun should fly off the handle and annihilate the earth, for at the same time the plague of scientists would go the way of the common herd, who eat when they are hungry, who drink when they are dry, who have some hope of heaven, and expect some day to die, and it would take at least twenty centuries to evolve another batch of them.

STRIKE AN AVERAGE.

Speaking of scientists brings to mind various breeds of character delineators who try to tell a person's good and bad qualities, ability or lack of ability to accomplish certain things by the shape of their ears, nose, mouth, hands or feet, or by the way they walk or talk, using in any case but a single characteristic of an individual. It is rank nonsense to suppose that such a thing can be done, and when they do hit it off right they are just as much entitled to credit as the man who says, "I think it will rain to-night," and it does, and so he gets credit for being a weather prophet, while if it did not rain he would still be thought a nice, pleasant gentleman—quite an authority on weather, still, like men of more humble pretentions, liable to make mistakes. Take handwriting, for instance. I know a man who is just about as hard-headed and

practical as it is possible for a man to be; still a delineator of chirography would, the instant he glanced at the signature, say the owner of the same was a brainless fop who laid awake nights studying how to beautify himself, and I know for a fact that this man lays awake nights studying up ways and means to force his creditors into the hands of the Sheriff. Instances like this go to prove that it is neither safe nor reliable to judge an individual by a single characteristic. They must be taken as a whole and an average struck, and it isn't advisable to make the standard too high, either, for if you do it is liable to tip over and get cracked.

KO PING KI TI (Hatchet Man).

A hatchet man lay on his cushionless couch,
Thinking thanks for the unredeemed,
Till the opium fuddled his yellow pate,
Then he closed his eyes and dreamed
Of a fat "Yum-Yum" and a slim "Bo Peep,"
Roast pig and a juglet of gin,
Of parboiled rice, grilled rats and mice,
The eating of which is no sin;
Four aces he held in a poker game,
And with his ill-gotten gold,
He purchased a quartet of almond-eyed maids,
Just to prove he was woolly and bold;
Then hied he away to an alley dark,
Where he thought for a time he'd abide,
Until he had squandered the rest of his gold
And made love to his quadruple bride.

* * *

'Twas then the pipe fell from his listless hand—
He had used up all his dope,
So he came back to earth from the realms of
bliss—
A hatchet man, stupid and broke.

SLIM JIM'S LAMENT.

Last evening while eating a frugal dinner in a Weber avenue cafe who should walk in but my old friend "Fat Jack." Seating himself at an adjoining table he ordered a plain but substantial repast, which he was soon eating with evident relish. "Fat Jack" was looking extremely well, even for him. His expansive countenance was often illuminated by a smile and his voice sounded cheery and bracing. I was not surprised to see "Slim Jim" join him, and, safely ensconced behind a paper, I watched them and listened to their conversation.

"Slim Jim" was commenting on the quality of "Fat Jack's" dinner, and in sneering tones alluded to it as unfit for a gentleman and a scholar, remarking that he couldn't for the life of him see how a man could eat beefsteak, potatoes, pie and such plebeian disnes. As for himself, he

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couldn't possibly think of eating anything but frogs' legs, squabs, terrapin, etc., and then only when he had plenty of champagne to wash them down.

"Fat Jack" laughed long and loud, and then queried: "'Slim Jim,' when did you dine?"

"Dine! I haven't dined for a week. My stomach even now is sticking to my back for want of food. I have two dollars, and if you could loan me three more I could satisfy my appetite for the time being."

"Not even on your shape, 'Slim Jim,' would I do so. A four-bit meal satisfies me, and I don't propose to humor you, especially as you have money. Get out of here, you scarecrow; you give me the shivers."

"That's just like you, 'Fat Jack.' Here am I, known as 'Slim Jim,' who cannot eat common food, hence I am ever hungry; I cannot wear common clothes, hence I am well nigh naked; I cannot ride in anything but a carriage, hence I walk. Ah, me! Fate is indeed unkind."

"Hold on," said 'Fat Jack,' "there is one thing you have forgotten."

"What is it?"

"You have no common sense, hence you are a fool; and just as long as you remain the par-

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ticular brand of fool that you are you will alternately fast and feast—be in the seventh heaven or in the dumps—and until you can take life as it really is and accept conditions which exist you will be 'Slim Jim,' and I, who have solved the problem, will still be known as the serene, contented 'Fat Jack.' ”

THE PENALTY OF OLD AGE.

The shining light of day has gone,
And, in its place, the gruesome night
Seeks to bewilder with the varied scenes
That gleam amid the many spectral lights—

That shine from doorways, where the din
Marks place as gilded den of sin;
Where ribald jest and curses, long and loud,
Seem to amuse a motley, changing crowd.

But, hark! Above the babel of the throng,
Is heard the melody of voice in song,
And tinkling with it, trying vain to hold its
own,
An old piano, that long since lost its tone.

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Feebly the chords respond to touch of fingers
strong;
They seem to say: "How long, oh Lord, how
long,
Shall I, who've long since seen my day,
Be thus compelled to live and play?"

No answer comes to soothe the throbbing frame;
It must clang on—the silence is too tame;
But if you listen, mingled with the lively tone,
You'll hear the old piano sob and moan.

PIGEON HOLES.

Within a desk are pigeon holes,
Where every blessed thing is stuck,
That seems of value at the time—
'Tis stowed away with other truck.

But mind will change, even in man,
And when the stuff is sorted o'er,
He wonders why he saved such junk,
And litters it upon the floor.

The letters from a faithless friend—
Some promises to some day pay—
Are mixed with sundry scented notes,
And on the floor together lay.

Those clippings from the Sunday "News,"
That at the time seemed just the thing,
Are now a rank offense to sight—
They seem to have a sickly ring.

KODAKS.

Some relic of a friend that's gone,
O'er and beyond the great divide,
Is laid away—friends are too scarce
To cast their memories aside.

'Tis thus an idle hour is spent,
In sifting out the treasures sweet,
And consolation 'tis to know
The chaff is sorted from the wheat.

NECTAR FOR KINGS.

It was midnight; spirits were very much in evidence—but no ghosts. The scene was laid, and will be laid again—also the tablecloth—in a spacious banquet hall, capable of seating forty people, provided most of them stood up. On this occasion there was rather a chow-chow assemblage, including grain kings, clothing kings, bank cashier kings, dentist kings, life insurance kings, and a few king fishers, such as reporters and lawyers.

The feast had appeared, also disappeared; the spirits, formerly controlled by corks, had escaped, and were making a brief pilgrimage through the blue blood of the assembled kings. Starting from a common center, they coursed to the feet, counter marched and reached the heads, some a trifle more dilatory than others, but all arriving in time to realize that something was doing.

KODAKS.

The fat grain king was telling how he caught a salmon four feet long in the Mediterranean Sea; the slender clothing king was giving object lessons of the can-can; the bald-headed bank cashier king was talking about missionary values; the Van Dyked beard dentist king was trying to pull a leg off the table; the sylph-like insurance king was hollering "more ginger," and the king-fishers were listening.

The host, who wasn't a king of any kind, except among men, heard the call, "more ginger," silently touched a concealed button which opened a section of the wall, attached to a handle of which was a slender, underfed man of some years, with only a few whiskers on his head.

"James!"

The handle let go of the man and he came slowly forward, a questioning gleam in the depth of his pale blue eyes.

"James, is the frapped nectar ready to serve?"

"Hit ham, sir."

"Very well, bring it in; also the cake."

"Now gentlemen, or rather I should say kings, I crave your indulgence for a few brief, fleeting moments. Another day has been born; the whirligig of time is gigging away, being the only perpetual motion ever perfected. Every instant

KODAKS.

it is placing in action matters of greater or less importance, and has selected this particular hour as the most propitious in which to bring to your notice a decoction, the equal of which has never been known on earth. It was within reach of Adam's hand in that glorious impossibility, the Garden of Eden; Pontius Pilate knew of its existence; Caesar sent caravans in search of it; the immortal Bard of Avon knew of its merits; that man of destiny, Napoleon, treasured it; that gaunt, grand martyr, Abraham Lincoln, on whose brow the laurel will be as green a thousand years from now as it is to-day, that disciple of freedom, who forced the fetters of human slavery, knew and revered this beverage; that champion of untrammelled mind, Robert Ingersoll, who burst the shackles of egotistical thought and action, and who in years to come will be better known as the liberator of the white and colored races alike, from a mental bondage that chained them to the rock of human suffering and offered them the choice of clinging to a forlorn hope or leaping into a pit of fire, honored this drink which I am about to offer you. Yes, honored it, for in his happiest moments—those when he delighted to draw the picture of the blessings that follow through the lives of those

who are compatibly mated, those who earn a little and spend a little less—he was often heard to mention this liquid, which has the merit of being brewed by the Almighty. Kings, drink; drink your fill.”

The grain king drained the glass. As the sparkling nectar slipped down his capacious throat a hissing noise was heard and steam poured from his nostrils. The bank cashier king tasted and tasted, finally emptied his glass and asked for more. The clothing king stopped dancing the can-can long enough to drink a couple of glasses. The dentist king drank part of a glass, looked silly and fainted. The life insurance king murmured something about being up against the real thing and called for more. The king-fishers put their heads together, looked wise, wagged their tongues and presently seemed to agree on some point. The reporter broke the silence (individually he had been broke for some time): “Mine host, methinks I am aware of the name of this glistening fluid. With your permission I will hazard an opinion.”

“Granted. What is it?”

“It is water.”

“Correct; it is water.”



TIME ONLY HAS NO END.

Time, as it wanders from limitless space,
Laughs at the earth with its changing face,
And wonders when dodging the milky way,
Why man should feel sad at the close of day.

For the earth, when robed in the garb of spring,
Bubbles with mirth, and the glad birds sing
Like man, who in vigor of youth says, "I,
Who am strong and comely, shall never die."

The summer comes, and the burning sun
Takes from the grasses, one by one,
The vigor that made them seem so rare,
While man finds out that life has care.

The fall, when the stubble field so bare,
Tells of the harvest gathered there,
Finds man in the sere and yellow leaf—
Storm-tossed and cynic beyond belief.

The winter, when driving wind and rain
Seeks to revive the world again,
Finds man laid away in his narrow bed,
Oblivious to the tumult that rages o'erhead.

"BIG BUG."

A bug is a bug, no matter what size, shape or color it is, and with no reference to the locality where it was from, for a bug can change location, if not at some one else's expense it can at its' own, for it is generally endowed with the power of locomotion. Bugs develop to a greater or less degree, according to the fruitfulness of the buggery in which Dame Fortune has cast their lot. As a general rule they are cannibalistic in their habits and prey upon each other with the usual result, the weaker going to the wall—of the stomach—while the victorious thrive on the spoils of conquest. That is, they generally spoil after getting it, and become abnormal in size and more particular about the quality of bugs they imbibe, and so broad of girth that they walk on the smaller bugs in entire unconsciousness of their proximity. Once in a while, when stepping

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on one of the smaller of their kind, they find them slippery, like unto the tropical fruit peeling, and wrench their ungainly system so badly that ere they can recover they are boiling in the pot of the menial and ordinary bug.

The prelude is simply to draw your attention to the term big-bug in the sense it is generally used, and to explain the derivation of the term.

ROMANCE.

The acme of ethereal romance
Is alluring and tempting to view
Through a vista of undefined longings,
Faintly tinged with a roseate hue.

Cupid's victim, seeking to transcend
The mount of reason, by a rocky slope,
Laughs lightly at disheveled vesture—
He buoyed is by omnipresent hope.

Upon the wings of faith he's carried far
To mate himself unto a kindred soul,
That in the glamour of withheld defects,
Is reward ample for his penance dole.

The mist of love lifts lightly, and afar
Is seen a vast and dusty plain,

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With bits of verdure cropping here and there,
Like islands peeping from the rolling main.

The vapor settles with the double load,
For heart is lighter, with own burdens lone,
Gilt apex soon is lost to vision—
Gaunt discord brings the first halftone.

Some fancied grievance or well-meaning truth
Helps cover more of space than intervenes
Between the rainbow tints of perfect love
And plain, where sombre shades are seen.

When all too late, a backward glance discerns
No vestige of the fabled garden fair;
The idol shattered, crumbles to the dust,
While hope dissolves and fades away in air.

A FEW DIRECTIONS.

I was in a market the other day and heard a woman order a turkey. She stipulated, first, that it must be plump; second, that it must weigh seven pounds—no more, no less; third, that it should be delivered at her house within half an hour; fourth, that it must be tender; fifth, that it must be of the hen variety; sixth, that it should be one that has been fattened on corn; seventh, that she didn't want that little Irishman to deliver it; eighth, that she wanted two pounds of suet donated with it; ninth, that it should be wrapped in white paper instead of brown; tenth, that the fine feathers should be singed off; eleventh, that it should be killed with chloroform; twelfth, that its throat should then be cut with a razor; thirteenth, that it should be hung up by the hind legs for two hours after having its throat cut; fourteenth, that the collector mustn't bring the bill for ninety days; and the market man promised to do all these things, as market men will.

THE SELFISH SUNS.

Said the moon to the earth,
When he called at night:
"You're not looking well;
Don't you feel just right?"

"No, you know my sun,
He's made me so dry—
He lives beyond you,
Up there in the sky—

"Got up this morning,
And was awfully hot
About something or other—
It doesn't matter what.

"He took the cool water
I've been stowing away,

KODAKS.

Up into the sky—
It has turned my hair gray.

“But it’s just like the sons
Of some mortals I know,
Who leave the old folks
To hoe in life’s row—

“Until nothing is left
But a furrow of care—
A promise of heaven,
And the weakness of prayer.”

MATERNAL LOVE.

One thousand dollars offered as a prize for a horse race; two dollars offered as a prize for the handsomest baby; both prizes offered by the same aggregation of intellect.

I suppose the great unwashed are to blame for the wide diversity of valuation between the animal and the human, for while a man may admire and covet his neighbor's horses, he doesn't covet his neighbor's children. Every mother thinks her baby is the sweetest, dearest, brightest creature on earth. She should think so. If she didn't the early life of her children would be a pretty hard row of stumps. Being imbued with this idea, she enters the child for competition, just the same as Farmer Jones enters his calves. Looking at her infant through the spectacles of mother love, she can see no reason why her prodigy shouldn't carry off the honors. If she is

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poor she will go without the necessities of life to buy beautiful clothes for her baby, and as she sits down in the crowd of "female women," each holding the same opinion in her mind and her cherub in her lap, her bosom swells with love and pride and fear. Yes, fear that the judges may be biased and do her offspring an injustice.

The contest is over, the prizes are awarded, and two or three have the satisfaction of knowing their judgment to be correct. But what of the rest? Weary and sick at heart, their tired limbs drag them home, where they can sob out their misery and shame. Shame at their folly in subjecting their darlings to such an ordeal, and misery because having done so, they were weighed in the balance and found to be inferior specimens of humanity.

JEST NOBODY.

Nobody, jest nobody,
Hustlin' aroun' in the world;
Aint seekin' nuthin' or lookin'—
Everything seems so cold.

Leastwise, jest glancin' at it,
Whil'st trottin' along in the race;
Can't see no sunshine in it,^s
'Cepting now and then a face—

Thet peeks out of grimy doorways,
And, for a minit or two,
Shines o'er the road I'm treadin',
'Twixt lines mighty narrow and blue.

CUTE, BUT TROUBLESOME.

Some dainty bits of dainty lace,
Fringing a wee, round, dimpled face,
Some golden curls, tossed by the breeze,
A tiny nose that tries to sneeze,
Two pudgy fists, two pretty eyes,
A mouth that laughs, and also cries,
Two little feet with cunning toes,
Belong to a baby, as everyone knows.



THE SOUL.

A famous novelist makes a character say: "The soul originally is a small affair, but can be made whatever the owner chooses by education. It can be raised to any height or lowered to any depth, as the possessor may see fit."

What a theory to advance! A soul is as large in a child as it ever will be. The soul is not educated and cannot be taught. The soul is that subtle feeling that permits a person to realize anything that is beautiful, grand or divine; also causes them to feel sorrow at such calamities that may come under their observation. Education does not develop the soul; it develops the brain and gives the tongue words to tell of the beauties that the soul feels and sees. You will often find in association with uneducated persons that they have ideas that are grand, but lack the power to express them. Again you will find persons who

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have every facility to familiarize themselves with what are considered the higher branches of mental attainment who never put forward any idea that is grand, never express a word of rapture over a work of art, never show a semblance of sorrow over other's woes; and still a delineator of character in a work of fiction (verily it is fiction) has the audacity to assert that a human soul is originally small and is enlarged according to its scope of observation.

LIFE.

Groping for knowledge with retentive brain,
Thirsting for pleasure with an unconscious
soul;
A child, with all of life before,
Is not unlike a glistening lump of coal.

The teachings first impressed upon the mind,
That guide it from the raw, uncultured state,
Are like the kindlings that ignite the coal
When first 'tis placed upon the grate.

The slender tongues of fire, lapping at its sides,
Receive at last a reward for their zeal;
Blue smoke arising from the mass,
Seems mourning for the life 'tis made to feel.

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The gas within, that is the heart and soul,
Sometimes from crevice glows with sapphire
hue,
Then fades away, like passions of a mortal,
In fitful gleam that cannot burn anew.

Bright and enticing, like the walks of life,
That parch the frame and turn dark hair to
gray,
The fire blazes ever toward the heart,
And slowly eats the outer wall away.

At last the vital spot is reached—
The zenith, all the mass a living coal,
Knowledge has burned out every hope,
And ashes show, to life-long toil, the goal.

POET AND PHILOSOPHER.

"Pa, what is a poet?"

"A poet, my son, is a misguided individual who thinks the sun would forget to come up or go down if he didn't explain it."

"Is that all he does?"

"No, my son; he sometimes varies the monotony by being choked to death."

"By what?"

"Sometimes by emotion and occasionally by a bone of contention."

"That's sad, aint it; but pa, what's a philosopher?"

"A philosopher, my son, is a person who tells why the poet died, and explains how he could have lived a long time if he had avoided skim milk and such rich food."

"Does he do anything else, pa?"

"Oh, yes; when he gets to be an old man he generally takes care of the spotted calves at the county farm."

MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE.

The earth, rocked on the bosom of limitless
space,
Cradled to sleep 'neath the twinkling stars,
Crooned to and nursed by the glittering sun,
Is being arrayed for the pageant of war.

Mankind is pursuing the planning and building
Of engines to kill, of schemes to decoy;
Each night and each day, on land and on sea,
Brings forth some contrivance, a destroyer to
destroy.

A duel of nations brings to the surface
Men devoted to country, to honor, to home.
Spurred on by excitement, the weak are cour-
ageous,
And fight to the death for a coveted bone.

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Each in his nest, the lap of a nation,
Born at the hour when Babel fell,
Is calling the muster, and donning the buckler,
To summon the demons from deepest hell.

Demons of darkness and pillage and carnage,
Reeking with blood, o'erspattered with slime,
Creep from their hovels of pestilent silence,
To revel in flotsam and jetsam of crime.

Fever and famine trail in the wake,
Left by an army to victory led;
Some there are cheering for glories hard gained;
Others are mourning for loved ones dead.

Dead in the trenches, torn by some missile,
Sent as a messenger screaming for peace;
Dead in the ocean, gone down in a warship,
The tale of whose prowess never will cease.

Man, with his pratings, called reason and logic,
Still is a savage, thirsting for gore;
Though cloak of civilian is drawn about him,
Heathen he is, to his heart's core.

List to him fan his illusions to reason;
Look at him writhe with impotent rage;

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Hark to him rant of justice and mercy,
Posing the while as a seer and a sage.

Trims he the beacon of thought that inspired
him;
Coddling it gently to warm it to life;
Coaxing his anger with incense of passion;
Unleashing his tongue in a harangue for
strife.

Egotistic, despotic, selfish, how human—
Sires and dams of the furies he woos;
Raking the while through the ashes of heroes,
A parallel theorist from them to choose.

MISGUIDED ENERGY.

"Many men of many kinds, many men of many minds" necessitates the corraling on one earth or in one country or on one island or in one city a heterogeneous assortment of men, ranging in ability from a preacher up to a lawyer, with the space between filled with common rogues, like merchants, doctors, county and city officials, etc. It's a tough sandwich, for whenever anyone tries to bite a piece out of it they generally break a jaw or loosen up a few teeth in the attempt and then quit. It is to be regretted that the reverend gentlemen who have got the Parkhurst habit and who have interested themselves in purifying the moral atmosphere of western cities have discovered that California has a national reputation for immorality. It is certainly news to the great unwashed to learn that such is the case, and there is just a possibility that the idea the reverend gentlemen mean to convey is that

a dead sheep in San Francisco smells worse than if it were in New York or Chicago|. It is gladdening to the hearts of seekers for a public that is pure and unsullied to learn that in the Eastern States immorality has been reduced to a minimum; that all the men in those various places have ceased to sin, even with their eyes; that all the women are models of virtue; but it is a source of wonder how the newspapers of those States discover so many cases of depravity, especially when it is taken into consideration that the average Easterner will not share anything, not even the odor of a dead sheep. It is a sign of progress to have the ministry take part in matters political, for they can assist very materially in educating the masses to the old-fashioned idea of doing right for the sake of right, if they go about it in the correct way, but they should remember that this is California, the grandest State of the Union; a State that is picturesque and romantic in the extreme, and the bulk of the men and women who comprise its population are warm-hearted, impulsive and generous, qualifications that can be possessed without depravity of mind or action, and they resent the insult to their good name embodied in the reverend gentlemen's conclusions and arguments.

KODAKS.

There are poor depraved specimens of humanity here as well as elsewhere; there always have been and always will be. Pastoral influence in the proper direction will materially reduce the percentage of evil-doers, but the proper direction is not by barking over the heads of their own kind in a hall, but in the highway and the byways, a word of counsel and a helping hand where needed. Such actions will bring lukewarm supporters from under cover who will join the procession and help the good work, but nothing will be gained by maligning the State as a whole or by stirring the dead sheep with a stick and then hastening away from the odor, shouting: "It must be stopped; it is offensive; let some brave man be appointed to bury it."

PAST AND PRESENT.

To those who teach the holy word,
And love to tell of the good Lord,
Whose life blood ebbed upon the tree
That crowned the Mount of Calvary,
Who died that mortals might live on,
With hope of heaven to gird their loins ;
And who, when spreading forth his creed,
Gave not a thought to worldly greed,
But lived the simple holy life
That quells the turmoil, soothes the strife—
Whose helpers asked but bed and board—
No earthly dross they sought to hoard.
They told the simple homely truth ;
They lived and proved their sterling worth.
Turn from the picture of the past,
To creeds and dogmas of to-day ;
To men who figure, in cold blood,
Will saving souls of mortals pay ?
Who think of comforts that money brings,
Who clink it to the words of hymns,
And name the amount that they require
To haul a soul from out the mire.



WONDERFUL.

I once heard an ex-resident of sunny Mexico, who was still a trifle shy of "English as she am spoke," exclaim in a burst of poetic fancy, "How wonderful we are make," and must say that he diagnosed the case correctly. For instance, the plans and specifications for a modern upholstered female, if submitted to the architect of the original Eve, would cause him to seek the seclusion of his factory and kick himself for sawing off a framework on a man and a brother that could be utilized in such a manner. It is also a question, open or liable to argument, after the opportunities he has had to observe the freedom of speech, with variations, also without variations, used by the feminine race in daily life, as to whether he would make them tongue-tied or not furnish any tongue at all, if he had the job to do over. Of course, he will have to be forgiven, for

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it stands to reason "he knew not what he did," any more than Darius Green knew what he was going to do when he essayed his first trip with his flying machine, only Darius did his own experimenting, and the mighty genius who builded a fair woman from a rib deputized someone else to take the risk of piloting the dear creature through this earthly paradise, and, like unfortunate Darius, striking earth occasionally with a resonant chug.

Don't gather from the foregoing that I am an impressionist and have been pressed into the belief that woman has the right and title to all the peculiarities of humanity. She has neither the right nor the title to them. Just because she has taken them doesn't prove her ownership any more than Chairman Jones' assertion that Loquacious Bryan would be the next President of the United States made him so.

Ah, but that man Jones, and Willie, Willie Bryan! They are made wonderful, too. Why, Willie can talk as much as a woman, and another thing in his favor, he can say as much, too; and Jones, dear Jones, he can stick to his opinions, just like a woman, when it has been proven to him in a thousand ways and nine thousand times that he is wrong.

KODAKS.

Another wonderful thing is the Populist, or a Populist, as you choose. Learned men are wondering where the hybrid sprung from and what he is good for. They differ somewhat as to the wherefrom part, but are unanimous in their verdict that he is good for nothing. For peculiarities of construction I commend you to a ward politician. If the mantle of Chief Executive should fall on his shoulders and he were carrying the world around on his back he couldn't apparently be endowed with graver responsibilities, and he is in such fear of the enemy overhearing his deep-laid schemes that he accumulates the habit, even if he meets a man in the middle of a ten-acre tract, with nothing in sight but a solitary cabbagehead, of hauling the man behind that cabbagehead to tell him that his only chance of a haven in the beautiful beyond is to vote for Busted Boodle for Supervisor. Even then he is afraid the cabbagehead will talk.

And man—just plain man—is wonderful. The first thing he learns is to grasp. His tiny red hands claw the air in a vain endeavor to grasp something and in the tender age of babyhood he lays the foundation for the saying that a man is never contented only when his appetite is satisfied. He keeps on grasping in a graduated

KODAKS.

course from rubber rings, marbles, tops pie, green apples, baseball bats, cigarettes, education, up to other people's money, and in the end makes a final grasp for breath.

But the most wonderful of all is woman—dear, sweet, lovable woman. There is only one thing that is any more wonderful than a woman, and that is another woman.

A FEMININE HABIT.

A maiden quite fair,
And of age quite uncertain,
Sought, by aid of a seer,
To peer through life's curtain.

The seer, keenly conscious
Of the maiden's desire,
Proved the opposite sex
To be consummate liars.

Then she took him to task,
Did this seeker for truth,
For dispelling an illusion,
And asked for more proof.

"I see," said the seer,
"You are like woman ever,
You seek for advice—
Do you take it? No, never."

CREATION.

There's a sort of fascination
In hatching out a plot—
Bringing to a point of focus
Something that has happened not.

Picking out some odd example,
Met by chance upon the street,
Clothing it with idle fancies,
Till it seems to be complete.

Here another, there a couple,
Wedge in at the proper time,
Soon appears a common novel,
Sold at retail for a dime.

JUST LIFE; THATS' ALL.

He had dabbled somewhat in the wonderful
things,

That were shown him day by day,
And was prone to conclude, like the average
man,

That no one could term him a jay.

One day, while parading a business highway,

And thinking, the thoughts of a man,
He chanced to observe a wonderful phiz
Made on a new and original plan.

At least that is what his judgment discerned,

And, like all the rest of his race,
He followed their course for centuries past,
And was won by a pretty face.

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The fine sunny quarters that once were his pride,
With everything always in place,
Took appearance like unto the cell of a monk—
All so dull, dark and commonplace.

How to change them? Why, yes, an excellent
thought,

He would ask that fair creature to share
His ducats and all his available wealth—
Then he'd leave that old bachelor's lair.

So it all came to pass in due course of time ;
The wedding was a gilt-edge affair,
And the guests who assembled to view the sad
rites
Pronounced them a bright, handsome pair.

* * *

Five years have elapsed, as shown by the stars,
And a man going home looking tired
Has a ghost of resemblance to some one we
know—
Why, of course, that's the man we admired.

KODAKS.

The hour it is midnight; let's peep at the door,
And see who it is lets him in;
As I live, it's the lady he told that day
That her happiness then would begin.

She certainly looks, and looks are enough,
That happiness to her was rare;
But then that's the way of the world and the
flesh—
They were surely a bright, handsome pair.

FATE OF THE SOUL.

I called on my philosophical friend the other evening and found him in a rather peculiar humor. He was in a communicative mood and regaled me with some of his impressions.

"Do you hear the breeze playing an aeolian cadence on the wires outside? It finds an echo in that inner self that has never been defined and more than likely its story will never be told by mortal tongue. My senses seem benumbed and my body seems like a shell of tissue with naught but the heart for a tenant, and that swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock that is weary of its work, but mechanically beats the seconds, minutes and hours away, until the reaper in his gathering of the wheat and weeds alike stops its weary, faltering ticks and says that it shall find eternal sleep beneath the sod, that opens alike to rich and poor, to miser and

KODAKS.

spendthrift, to toiler and sluggard, to philosopher and imbecile, to symbol of virtue and rake of vice—all can claim a resting place in mother earth. And its surface, when restored to life, will feel the breath of spring, when flowers bloom and grass is green, will know the zenith of their glory when bright summer changes them to tawny hue; can tell of autumn, when the gleaner gathers the sheaves like unto the angel of death as he replenishes his domain. Then comes the winter, when the wild winds and beating rain try in vain to force through the sod, but they who sleep below are all unconscious of the passing seasons and their placid rest is fit reward for the battles of life that in days ago have ragged around them. And the soul, that turbulent spirit, what shall be its fate? Will it always wander through space, a torment to self and a menace to others, or will it find a home in that beautiful though mythical beyond, that refuge where the so-called chosen ones shall meet to sing eternal songs of praise, or will it be a wandering gust of wind that o'er Ceylon's isles blows soft and balmy, o'er Asia's sands burns with fire, o'er Artic seas freezes with the chill of death, o'er America's fair land soothes with the breath of life and hope, o'er isthmus carries

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pestilence in its vapors? Here, there and everywhere. At times a restorer; with the next breath a destroyer, seeking ever for variety, and following it at all times without regard to whether its wake is strewn with joy or sorrow."

HOPE.

Hope's promise, like the breaking of the morn,
First looks on inky blackness of the night,
Flaked o'er the canopy with glinted diamonds,
That promise give of future, pure and bright.

Then grayish shadows float above the mountain
crest,
Driving the stars to Heaven's far-off land,
While tinted halos mingle with the gray,
And crimson gleams cause darkness to dis-
band.

Now glistening sun, the fire of universe,
Creeps slowly o'er the hilltops, far away,
Causes chilled nature to unfold her wings,
And to the world is born another day.

KODAKS.

Hope, perched upon the eyre of desire,
With fledgling wings unfrosted by old time,
Leaps from the pinnacle, every vein on fire,
To win the laurels of a life sublime.

Hope may not long for earthly wealth,
Nor all roads lead to ancient Rome;
There's a secret hidden in the heart and soul,
That always sings of home, sweet home;

Yet does seek pleasure of the fleeting joys,
That find abode on this grim earth;
This wilderness of sin and flagrant jest,
Where passions grand are fund for jocund
mirth.

Too soon the petals of the rose
Are withered by the flash of Satan's fire;
Too soon the perfume, dainty, rare and pure,
Is faded by the breath of gaunt satire.

Thus Hope has combat with the rugged world,
Which, in the morn, gave promise bright and
rare,
But ere the mantle of the night is drawn,
Has knowledge of the depths of pain and care.

CLEANSING FIRES.

The science of chemistry and the many secrets of the crucible are ever an interesting subject. Man's life and efforts could be likened to an assay of quartz to determine its value. When first dumped into the crucible he is the raw product, or the natural ore, and perhaps the theoretical education he has obtained may show a cropping of a precious metal. As the fires of experience burn faster and fiercer the baser metals or qualities fade away in smoke and gases and their residuum shows the gold and merit of the dross and worthlessness that is the result of the cleansing fires.

The best result of a man's work comes after he has burned out the theories and traditions that were handed down to him, when he has found for himself that experience is the only teacher, when he permits his mind to analyze all

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that passes before him and to select the gems of thought and not burden himself with the weight of superstition and its dogmas; when he has learned to live and let live. When this is accomplished the rancor of contention goes on around him and he is ever unfeeling of its presence, for he has learned the lesson, that life is too short to be made a continual struggle against fate, and happiness lies only in accepting the beauties and in shutting the eyes to the imperfection of mankind in general.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Some say that love, the passion that imparts
New life into a human being's heart,
Is something that the will can sway,
Or force to do as it may say.

And others, just as firm in their belief,
To such an argument are blind and deaf;
They say 'tis like a fragrant fragile flower,
And must be kept within a guarded bower.

To save a discourse, both tiresome and long,
Let's say that both are right and both are wrong,
But if you wish a love to last and be intense,
Use one-half love and one-half common sense.

TWILIGHT.

When twilight shadows gather near,
And turmoil of the day does cease,
The war and tumult within self
Is calmed, and for the time finds peace.

The glow of crimson on the sky,
From whence the orb of light has sank,
Turns to dull ashen, fades away,
Like life of man, whate'er his rank.

The silhouette of mountain range,
Blends with the wall of azure sky,
And star of evening twinkles o'er
The place where day has said goodbye.

ANTE SLUMBER SOLILOQUIES.

Midnight. The air sweet and balmy, as air can be only in California; the lights are out, save the glimmer of a street lamp, shining through the edge of a curtain. You hear the rattle of a coupe over the paved street. Occasionally the footsteps of a belated pedestrian are heard, sometimes ringing sharp and clear. You endeavor to judge from the sound who the passerby is and what kind of a mood he is in. The sharp, clear footstep has youth, and a large unexplored future before it; the shuffling pace is the lazy mortal who would let everyone alone if he were shown the same distinction; the dignified tread is the limb of the law, as he pursues his calling; the dragging, listless step is one to whom ambition is a dead letter, and to whom Father Time, with his combined harvester, would be a welcome vision. All of these pass almost unconsciously through your mind. Then you forget them, the sounds are unnoticed, the incense-laden air brings to your tired brain the longed-for languor, and Morpheus reigns.

AS LIFE GOES.

While treading down the narrow lane
That sometimes is called life,
You meet a motley mass of souls,
Mixed up in din and strife.

The man who earns his daily bread,
By sweat of manly brow,
Envies the man who works his head,
And wishes he knew how.

The man who in an office toils
Throughout the livelong day,
Thinks what a picnic it would be
To cut and stack some hay.

And thus they jog around the track,
Each thinking that the other
Has comforts in his role of life
Without the other's bother.



A TRAMP PHILOSOPHER.

"Why am I a tramp?" the vagabond said;
"Well, mister, mayhap I were better dead,
And if I should tell you the reason why
You'd think the version were all a lie.

"But once on a time, not so long ago,
I lived in the life of glitter and show,
Struggling along in the rancor and strife
That fills up the days of a city man's life.

"Knew the fatigue of trouble and care;
Saw life's fondest hopes dissolve in the air;
Found that success I could never attain,
And contentment simply a castle in Spain.

"I took to the road, and you see me to-day
Dirty and ragged, but blithe and gay,

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Known to the world as a rascal and scamp,
And doomed all my days to be a tramp.

"Sometimes I regret the step I took,
And backward glance, with hungering look,
To the time when I, a man among men,
Gave up the game I played with them.

"Only for a moment do I stand and gaze
At the waste and wreck of bygone days;
They had their uses—maybe some good—
When I, now a tramp, earned a livelihood.

"I live in the present and have not a care—
I wander at will, no matter where;
Bumming my food in the light of day,
Sleeping at night in sweet-scented hay.

"It fits all the chinks of my scraggy frame;
Makes me forget that I'm aged and lame;
And to hope that whenever I pass away,
It shall be when asleep in the new mown hay."

GRAND OPERA.

My philosophical friend was raised, with various other things, on a farm in "York" State. He is a trifle secretive about the time when he became ripe enough to market, but has occasionally hinted that on the auspicious occasion he would have blended very harmoniously with a background of St. Patrick's day flags. However, if such were the case, it is simply a page of his personal history, and if he should happen to leave a million dollars behind him when he boards Charon's ferry boat his biographers will attend to recording the details at so much a record. He is very fond of an opera, especially what is termed grand opera, and when the season is at hand can be found in the front row with the rest of the baldheads. I gently intimated that the chorus girls were usually quite attractive, and it was certainly pleasant to have their

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bright smiles haunt him still. He shook his head and said :

“Guess again. No; come to think of it, you needn’t either, for you couldn’t guess in a week the whys and wherefores of my liking for opera. You see, it is this way: I’ve paddled my canoe on many a river and creek, have shot some rapids, and once or twice have been out of sight of land on the briny. I’ve observed a batch of things, real or otherwise, on these excursions, but away down deep in my heart is a memory of the old farm. It wasn’t any different from the old farms most of you fellows knew in your youth, but it was my own particular old farm, and I remember it so well that I can shut my eyes, see the corn field, hear the wind rustling through the leaves, see the pumpkin vines crawling everywhere like serpents, and what bully whistles you could make of the stems to the leaves, provided you rubbed off the fuzz so it wouldn’t nettle your lips.

“Of course, there’s another side to that corn field story—the one when, with about six inches of snow on the ground, I walked behind the wagon and husked the down row, but that don’t count in this narrative. Then there was a field of wheat and one of rye, another of red-top and

KODAKS.

clover, and, what was best of all, the medder (as my respected granddad called it), where there was a grove and wild crabapples and grapes and elderberries, for popguns, and poison ivy for grief; tree moss, for all the world like a miniature forest; and in the spring, wild flowers, such as Jack-in-the-pulpit, Dutchmen's breeches and others with names not so striking; a brook that went dry in the summer and was a torrent in the spring; an old chain pump, which came over with Noah, and a water trough that seemed to be as large as an Erie canal boat when I had to pump it full of water. Every once in a while the handle slipped off, hitting me on the ear, just to remind me that I wasn't paying attention to business.

"Then there were tall poplars, where it was my duty and pleasure to carve my name; also that of a spindle-shanked, freckle-faced, gingham-sunbonneted little torment who lived on an adjoining farm. But excuse me, I wander. What I intended to speak about was the chickens. At that time I didn't consider it much of an honor to act as head waiter for a mixed assemblage of barnyard fowls, and don't know as I do yet, for all the time I was feeding them I'd be thinking of a big pickerel I saw under the

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ice breaker down at the bridge, or of a chipmunk I was going to drown out whenever I got a chance, or wondering if I could chew up more green gooseberries without making a face than a Dutch boy who lived across the road.

"All such things would be running in my head while I was watching the performances of those chickens, and now when I go to the opera I just imagine that the leader, as he picks up his baton and gives it a preliminary wave in the air, is saying, 'Chick, chick, chick; come chick,' and the violins, the cello, the piano and all the other instruments are the patter, swish and rustle of wings, as chicks, large and small, chicks squatty and tall, come scurrying from all directions to the center of the barnyard or stage. A big Shanghai rooster is the central figure. He struts up and down, pausing before a grain of corn, directing the attention of a Dominicker hen to the kernel, evidently inviting her to partake, at the last moment gobbling it up himself. He is the basso, who thumps around the stage and declares himself, in tones so all may hear, to be lord of all creation and a few other countries. The Dominicker hen is the 'female woman' he is ordering to go tell her mistress that if she don't get a move on herself—

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come at once and fall on his bosom—he'll kick her bodyguard over into the next county and hang his rival to the first gas lamp he discovers. Then a black Spanish rooster comes sauntering along, not making much noise, but gathering in any grains that lie in his pathway, until he bumps up against Mr. Shanghai accidentally and is instantly called to account. This black Spanish is a pretty bird and is the recipient of many admiring glances from a bevy of Buff Cochin hens. That's the tenor. He warbles so sweetly that Shanghai concludes it wouldn't do to assassinate him on the spot, so he gives him a show for his life, which he improves by hiding behind the Buff Cochin hens, or chorus girls. These are brought to attention by a game rooster, who comes meandering along in a don't-care sort of a way, his head bobbing back and forth, his spurs glistening, and an altogether deliciously villainous look in his eye. He is the hero of the narrative, who has arrived from parts unknown; who knows a Shanghai at a glance, and a few other things. His rich baritone makes the ceiling rattle, and the Buff Cochins, or rather chorus girls, catch on to the spirit of the thing as he describes the splendors of a feast of grub worms in a tomato patch and promises to

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show them the way. About this time a silver-spangled Hamburg comes trotting up to the traveler, and, with numerous clucks, signifies her approval, after which she marches off by the side of his highness, the Buff Cochins and black Spanish forming a bodyguard, the Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns following, with Mr. Shanghai glad to follow in the rear.

"Now, if that isn't your hero and heroine of opera, with their retinue of retainers, the honest villagers, glad to sit around and holler and drink beer or brown ale whenever the occasion offers, and the bull-dozing tyrant, who always gets it in the neck, who asks for everything and takes anything, why, I've been doing the philosophical act all these years in vain. But, as I was about to say, the reason I like grand opera is because it reminds me of chickens in a barnyard, not so much because the singers look like chickens, but because they act like them; they remind me of my early days, when I was head waiter, chef and general utility man to a flock of them.

"And being reminded of them, reminds me of the old oaken bucket, the striped chipmunks, who escaped drowning only to be clubbed into the beautiful beyond; the bumble bees, that often stung me as I robbed them of their honey and

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put it into cups made from acorn hulls, and many other things that made life on a farm 'down East' interesting, including the spindle-shanked, freckle-faced, gingham-sunbonneted girl, whose name I carved at the very top of every poplar tree on the place."

AN EVER PRESENT SHOW.

Did you ever watch two lovers,
And jot down the many ways
They make vows of pure affection
To last for countless days?
Very much like pigs in clover,
Are their notions vague of life,
For they munch the fragrant blossoms
Without thought of coming strife,
Or of any of those failings
That are classed as mortal ills—
Sure to crop out in the future,
Mixed up with a batch of bills.
Kisses sweet as rose of Sharon,
From each other's lips they sip,
While they vow that life will ever
Be a sweet sunshiny trip.
They, of course, have heard of people,
Who by mating made an error,

KODAKS.

But their bland faith in each other
 Robs the future of such terror ;
Builds a cottage on the hillside,
 Where birds sing and flowers bloom,
Where coal grows in chilly winter
 And sweet outing gowns in June ;
Where the grocer and the baker
 Leave their wares and never say :
“Pay your bill, or, by the holies
 I'll not come another day.”
Where the doctor, with his pill box,
 Or a nurse of ample girth,
Never, never'll chance to visit,
 For of sickness there'll be dearth.
Never will the chills and fever
 Knock upon the cottage door,
And when it comes to dimpled cherubs—
 Not to have them they have swore.
By and by they join their fortunes,
 Then ensues a wedding trip,
And the wealth of osculation
 Is enough to sink a ship.
They arrive back home quite happy,
 And begin to hoe the row
That is looked on with suspicion
 By bald-headed men I know,
Who maintain the row grows longer,

KODAKS.

And the strain of life intense,
That there's naught but close acquaintance,
Will reveal a lack of sense;
That a woman is a creature
Far too fair to ever wed,
And a man a soulless villain—
Never good till he is dead.

LIFE'S DAY.

A day, with its changes of light and shade,
Is like the life of man or maid—

The morning so sweet and calm and pure—
Like the little child that must live and endure—

The midday, when nature seems to rest,
Like the middle of life when on the crest
Of a wave of power or mount of woe,
The mortal gazes on valley below—

Back on the road o'er which he came,
That may be spread with flowers of fame,
But oftentimes 'tis a path of thorns,
Marking a struggle since he was born.

Forward is the road he now must go,
Stretching away toward the sunset glow,

KODAKS.

And he thinks as he starts the downward
grade
Of a peaceful rest in the everglade.

The evening has come and the sun has sank,
Like man must sink, no matter what rank,
The shadows gathering to solemn gloom,
Wrap their sombre mantle around his tomb.

A LIBEL.

A San Francisco paper printed what purported to be the latest photograph of Prince Bismarck. According to the pose the artist must have induced him to try and look at something about four years back without turning around to do so. Imagine, if you can, the iron chancellor, whose commands have swayed the world, posing for a picture in a position adapted to a soubrette winking at gallery gods. Just think of that old soldier, who had more dignity than all the crowned heads lumped together, affecting the position of a sixteen-year-old school girl, who would like distant relatives to believe she was just as roguish and vivacious as possible, and wore her head on one side like a meadow lark on a rail fence, watching a boy with a gun. Maybe the photo is bona fide, but I doubt it, and hope to never have the doubt removed, for Bismarck, with his fifty years of continuous serv-

KODAKS.

ice to his country, is a man to be classed with Washington and Lincoln, and it is not likely that in his eightieth year he would turn giddy and let an artist pose him in such manner as to suggest a crooked-necked squash.

A VAGARY.

One day a fancy, strong of limb and girth,
Seized and 'neath a fountain plunged me—
A fountain filled with wild creations, fraught
With menace, that to frailties would a curse
be.

As fantasies, so wild with angry pleading,
Foamed o'er a wraith of discontent,
The creature held within their grasp
Was prone to raise his voice in wild lament.

What is the world, with all its tenantry,
That gifts of nature have disused;
Who temples build in wilderness of sin
To mock God's creatures whom they have
abused?

KODAKS.

What is the sun that lights and warms the world,
Yea, gilds with glorious presence all the land?
Some think 'tis but the sire of furies,
That seek to fetter us with endless bands.

What are the hopes, that in a shifting brain,
Try ever to escape their bounds,
To leap into the spectral future far,
Yet feel the scourge of ever-present hounds?

What are the loves that burn within the heart,
To sear it with an all-consuming fire?
While ever on the merry music rings,
Picked from the strings of weird, seductive
lyre.

What is the end that waits for all who come,
Who enter in the lists of love and strife?
Ask ye the fountain, as it bubbles on,
To tell to you the secret of this life.

This life, who says 'tis all we have to live?
Is this the goal of love and hate and pride?
Is this the end of all the joy and pain;
No soul to triumph when the clay has died?

ORIGIN OF A MINISTER.

The voices from the pulpit are heard far and near and the supposition to be drawn from some minister's remarks is that expounders of the gospel were first created and their stock in trade, man and his follies, were an after consideration. If we assume the theory of creation to be correct it is proof positive that the minister was the after consideration, and while he may have been a piece of God's handiwork, he may also have been a natural result. That is, the feelings that permeate the mind of most men to in some way be a director of the balance of the universe may have budded in the mind of some of our ancestors and when the bud blossomed the result was a minister. This may be wrong, and without doubt a great many arguments could be brought forward to prove the statement to be incorrect. Still an argument, be it ever so good, is not necessarily a fact; it is a theory. A minister is a fact. You cannot make a tangible object out of a theory. Therefore it stands to reason that you cannot make a minister out of an argument.

A BACK NUMBER DUDE.

He has a few peculiarities
Besides the ones I'll mention,
But only those that show the most
I'll call to your attention.

Sometimes he is a widower,
With just an only child;
Sometimes he is an ancient duck,
Still thinking that he's wild.

Sometimes he is a minister,
Who likes a little fun;
Sometimes he is a worthless cuss,
And nothing but a bum.

In one way they are all alike,
In others they may vary;
Each thinks himself a special prize
For some sweet damsel wary.

KODAKS.

No matter if his face is red,
And features that's termed homely,
With bandy legs, plus pigeon toes,
And form that's far from comely—

He'll dance attendance on the girls
At any day or hour ;
Blow in his cash in manner rash,
Until the sweet things sour—

Or shake him for a younger chap—
A man about the town—
Whose whiskers do not gently shade
From black to dirty brown.

If you should meet one of that kind,
In sunshine or in rain,
You'll find he's wearing a disguise,
Or else girl on the brain.

For no one but an ancient rake—
One of those would-be friskers—
Was ever known to think it helped
His looks to dye his whiskers.

ENVIRONMENT.

Tolstoi comments on the lack of happiness a banker finds shaving notes and claims a janitor's comfort to be far in excess of the banker's. He should have continued and said that a man is happy according to his own idea of himself. The man who by force of circumstances is a banker will be wonderfully happy unless he labors under the delusion that he would prefer being a railroad magnate and happen to be short some of the capital. A janitor will be a trifle happier than a banker unless he thinks he would prefer being a policeman and lacks the pull.

The question of a man's happiness depends entirely on self knowledge that he is filling the niche he should fill, with determination and enough self respect to prevent retrograding and desire, not a betterment of the existing order of things, but rather a continuance of present bless-

KODAKS.

ings. Whenever a man accumulates a hankering to be that which he is not his troubles begin and magnify in intensity as long as the privilege of breath is granted him. Lengthening his span of years and granting him a fulfillment of his desire would not soothe him, for the habit once acquired is as difficult to shake as it is for a minister to mix politics with religion and not make a mess of both.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Over the sun-kissed Occident
Flashes a paeon of joy and praise,
Tribute to those who in the past,
Shattered the fetters that made them slaves.

Cast off the yoke that bowed them down
To whim and fancy of a royal crown;
Made all men equal and free to pursue
A search for happiness, pure and true.

Proclaimed themselves and their country dear,
In a way so all the world should hear,
As a home for those by monarchs oppressed,
Who longed for a haven of refuge and rest.

Wise in the council that prompted the move,
Brave in their deeds of daring and love,

KODAKS.

Steadfast in forcing the cause to an end—
They gave their heart's blood to protect and
defend.

When in the end they grand freedom attained,
They wasted no time o'er the victory gained,
But turned from the sword to the ploughshare
and pen.
To develop the resources God granted them—

Resource of continent, bounded by ocean,
Swept by the breath of life-giving breeze;
Saved from the world, apart from all nations,
For people to live and do as they please.

Destiny marked the path o'er the ocean
That led to this mecca of unbounded wealth;
Watched o'er the Pilgrims in pious devotion,
And sheltered them from the wild savages'
stealth.

Gave to their frames the strength of endurance,
Gave to their minds the courage to brave
The terrors of war, its ills and hardships,
To cast from their ankles the shackles of
slaves.

KODAKS.

Look ye the length and breadth of the nation,
Over the boundless valley and plain,
Carpeted with grasses, silvered by rivers
Flowing from font in the mountain ravine.

Mountains that seem like sentinels, guarding
The wealth that is spread over vista between,
Crowned as they are by that symbol of virtue,
Snow of the heavens, pure and serene ;

Mountain slopes covered with expanse of forest,
Ribbed by canyons where cooling springs
gleam,
Veined with white quartz, in minerals abounding,
Waiting for hand of mortal to glean.

Harbors that naught in the world can compare
with,
Sheltered by cliffs from the wide main,
Easy of access by broad and deep channels,
Egress of rivers that traverse the plain.

Great inland lakes, as large as the monarchy
That sought in the past to rule our domain,
Are simply a dot on the face of this country,
That's ringing with praise for freedom at-
tained.

KODAKS.

Picturesque canyons, torn in the mountains,
Tell of the struggle when volcanoes stormed
Ages ago, when they reared the structures
That now, clothed with life, show beauteous
form.

Bright plumaged songsters ring their glad
carols,
In the green glades, where the sweet flowers
bloom,
Bringing to mortals a gleam of contentment—
Scenting the air with dainty perfume.

Men of all nations are gathered around us,
Sharing the fruits of the land and the sea,
Inhaling the breath of personal freedom—
Thinking and acting their own decree;

Worshipping God as their fathers before them
Thought was the way to heavenly joy;
Finding the motto of nil desperandum,
In a fulfillment without alloy.

Ever shall this nation stand out in relief,
As taking firm stand in freedom's belief;
Knowing no master, having no slave,
Land of the free and home of the brave.

KODAKS.

Ever shall our emblem, the star-spangled banner,
Wave to the breeze, commanding respect;
Ever shall we, in memory and manner,
Give honor to those who gave life to protect.



IF THE SHOE FITS, WEAR IT.

It was a cosy sitting room, that ordinarily would cheer the eye and bring a feeling of peace and contentment, but on this occasion large chunks of gloom were visible to the naked eye. The lady of the house was the masterpiece of despair, while her devoted husband and a few sympathetic friends were lesser lights of calamity, who endeavored with kindly words of hope and a handkerchief to check the tears that welled from her large red eyes. But their labor was all in vain. She moaned, groaned, wept, shrieked and called for Johnnie. "Johnnie, oh, Johnnie, my darling! I know that you are dead. Why, oh why, did I talk cross to you this morning? Let me go, I say; I'm going to find him. Mamma's darling baby; he's at the bottom of the river; I know he is. Dear little fellow; always so kind. Oh God, why have you taken my boy?"

"Cheer up, madam; your son may show up soon. There is no need of your worrying until

you have reason to believe that misfortune has overtaken him."

"Don't raise a false hope in my bosom. I will never again see his ruddy face, his bright eyes, his mischievous smile; and I misjudged my darling so often. If he only had his little life to live over again what would I not do for him? They'll be bringing my treasure home all wet and cold; cold in the chill of death."

The unhappy, sorrowing woman buried her head on the sofa cushions in a wild paroxysm of grief. There was not a dry eye in the room. Every heart ached with sorrow for the poor mother, as they tried in vain to comfort her.

Bang went the front door. Clump, clump, came a pair of sturdy feet through the hall, and above it all sounded a shrill whistle, wrestling with the intricacies of "Ma Angeline." A ten-year-old boy, carrying a puppy by the scruff of the neck with one hand and a baseball bat in the other, entered the room.

"Hello! What's the row? Say, ma, see my dawg; what d'yer think of him? Aint he a bird? Dog catcher gave 'im to me; said I could keep him if I wanted ter, and I guess yes, I want."

The sorrowing mother had arisen from the sofa. She stared at her offspring for a few sec-

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onds until the floodgates of her word mill could be turned loose, and then she swooped down on him.

"Johnnie Jones, where have you been?"

"Nowheres much."

"Don't you dare to say nowheres to me. I've worried my life out about you, thinking you were drowned or lost or something awful. Come here this instant. Take that (cuff) and that (cuff and more cuffs in rapid succession until the hopeful had a genuine case of grief). You scare me again, will you? You little scamp, I've a good mind to thrash you within an inch of your life. You go to bed now without your supper. I'll teach you! You ungrateful little wretch."

The friends took their departure and all expressed their delight that Johnnie was alive and well; and Mrs. Jones, she was glad, too, and said so, and thanked them over and over again for their aid and sympathy. Then she returned to her novel and her husband and thanked God and herself that her darling was safe, while upstairs in his little bed the boy was sobbing with grief and pain, and thinking over and over again: "The man gave me the nice puppy and I played with him and just forgot that I ought to go home."

DADDY'S HOME.

When the sun at eve is setting,
And the bees have ceased their drone,
Babies gather at the gateway
To greet daddy, coming home ;
Joyous, merry little faces,
Close against the pickets pressed—
They are longing for the footsteps
Of the man that they love best.

All day long he has been toiling,
And he's weary, every bone,
But his task seems light and easy
At the thought of going home ;
Going home to wife and babies—
Who wouldn't toil, such bliss to own?
And there's naught but peace and comfort
In the thought of going home.

KODAKS.

There he comes. Out on the sidewalk
Dash the babes, with laugh and shout.
All of them want to be carried—
Daddy is so big and stout.
So he folds his arms around them,
Carries them up into the home,
And the wife's sweet face beside them
Fills the picture—Daddy's home.

EGOTISM.

About the most amusing thing on earth is the effect of the sectarian paper or the political paper in a household that champions the cause espoused in the journal and would not have the corrupting organ of the opposition on the premises, let alone peruse it. Supreme with the advocate of the idol of their dogmas that waves incense toward an uncrowned king, their imagination dances vividly to the tune of the offerings in print and their memory retains the telling points founded upon the theoretical creations of a theorist, which they propound in a most solemn manner as the ultimate result of what to them is the reasoning of a superior intellect that can and will accomplish wonderful and presumptuous phenomenon. Life is all too brief to correct these individuals of their too compactness of idea, and the suggestion of a wedge of

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knowledge in the shape of the literature of their supposed enemy, that is in reality the guardian that enables them to retain their tenure on the fruits of existence, would be treated with scorn as an emanation of ignorance from the brain of a scoffer, and the suggestor would be warned of the pitfalls in his spiritual or political path as outlined by he of the one principle, one road, one gate, controlled and operated by the iron hand of fate.

WHILE IT RAINS.

The goose comes in on the northwest gale,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;
The nimrod now tells remarkable tales,
While it rains, it rains, it rains.

The tramp now is mourning and oftentimes repents,
While it rains, it rains, it rains—
Of hard-earned dollars he cheerfully spent—
While it rains, it rains, it rains.

The hayseed is gearing his old gang plow,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;
And thinking that work now begins "by swow,"
While it rains, it rains, it rains.

The predictor of weather is happy, I know,
While it rains, it rains, it rains—
To think that this time his word was a go,
For it rains, it rains, it rains.

EVOLUTION.

March seventeenth is the day set apart by those who were fortunate enough to get away from Ireland to celebrate the event. This is not quite as important a day as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, but ranks close enough to inspire young America with the idea that Ireland is a country filled with good cheer, harps and sentiment—principally sentiment. An Irishman has more sentiment to the square inch than any other known being. It is of the variegated breed and always adapts itself to climatic conditions, being able to blow cold or hot, as the occasion requires. It is this peculiar adaptability that has done so much to shatter faith in the genuineness of the tears that are said to never dry up in an Irishman, for investigation has proven quite often that his old Irish home was a place of misery and hardship, and he bears

KODAKS.

the separation from it with wonderful fortitude when it is taken into consideration the small amount of money it would require to carry him back there. The truth of the matter is that it will take about a thousand years of American freedom to teach him the proper way to appreciate the benefits accruing from a Republican form of government, but there is a lurking fear that long before the thousand years are up the government of this Republic will be entirely Irish and a lovely chance to watch the intricate process of evolution will be lost.

HIS HONOR.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

Beside a country turnpike,
The Fair Oaks' Courthouse stands;
The judge, a mighty man is he,
His height is fifteen hands,
And the muscles of his honor's jaw
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and short,
His face sometimes is tanned;
His brow with sweat is often wet,
He earns just all he can,
As he looks a culprit in the face
To see how much he'll pan.

Week in, week out, when duty calls,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy tread,

KODAKS.

With measured tread and slow,
As he drifts out to his grist mill
To start his morning show.

And children, going down town to school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the massive judge
And hear his honor roar,
And catch the melody of his voice
That leaks out through the door.

He goes on Sunday for a stroll,
And meets some of the boys;
He hears them spin the latest yarns,
They hear his mellow voice
O'er-topping their stories just one notch,
And it makes their hearts rejoice.

Listening, meditating, sentencing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some case begun,
Each evening sees it close;
For the judge must keep his docket clean,
Though he thrives by others' woes.

KODAKS.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lessons thou hast taught,
To those who in your justice shop
Against their will were brought,
To explain unto your honor,
Why mischief they had wrought.

HONESTY.

"Pa, what is honesty?"

"Honesty, my son, is a noble qualification that prevents a man from defrauding or in any way injuring his fellow men."

"Is it used much, pa?"

"Yes, my son; it is almost used up."

"Where do you think I could find some, pa?"

"About as good a place as I know of is a cemetery."

"But aren't people gone forever that are in a cemetery?"

"Yes, my son; but the virtues and honesty still remain—on their tombstones. When you get a little older you can take a market basket and go out and pick some."

ONE OF MANY.

Did you ever meet the man who has peculiarities and is aware of the fact? He will tell you with a kind of aren't-you-surprised-sort-of-look on his face, "I only eat three meals a day. Just think of it! And really I go to bed every night and actually breathe right along all the time, too; and, for a fact, sir, I never read editorials. Oh, I know it startles you, but you mustn't mind me. I'm peculiar about some things, I am."

SUNSET ON DIABLO.

Diablo, mount with satanic name,
Towering like sentinel across the fertile plain,
Dazzles with splendor from the crimson light,
Shed by Old Sol, while fading from our sight.

As shining day turns to the solemn night,
A beauteous scene is shed by fading light ;
A crimson flood bathes mountain top in flame,
Reflects its silhouette across the plain.

A vagrant cloud, now hanging o'er the crest,
Turns from gray vapor to a jeweled nest,
Fit for the goddess of eternal love,
Could she be tempted from her home above.

The shadows gather on mountain and on plain,
A cooling breath is wafted from the main ;
The silvered river onward gently flows,
While in the heavens shines the after glow.

Shading from crimson to a dainty pink,
The dying sunbeams slowly fade and sink ;
The stars gleam brightly in the azure sky—
Another day has gone and said goodbye.

A DOUBLE SHUFFLE.

A young couple in San Francisco braved paternal wrath, were married and ten hours later they were cold in death from self-inflicted wounds. Funerals are expensive, and generally speaking, undesirable affairs, but if the burden of a decent burial is not too heavy for the near and dear relatives to discharge the obligation without hardship, the action of the young people may be considered as commendable, for they departed this life in a rainbow-hued state of mind that can only be equalled by a parallel case. They wanted each other and the desire was accentuated by parental interference. They got each other and spited the old folks. Wrapped in each others arms they concluded to bid farewell to the cruel world and spend the years of eternity in the realms of paradise, and probably are now gamboling on the golden streets and cracking

KODAKS.

castanets and jokes with St. Peter about the way they "done" the old folks. It surprises me to know that young people, basking in the sunshine of an overdose of thrills, should desire to shuffle off at such an early stage of the game. If they had played an eight or ten years' engagement and taken a few youngsters through the category of infantile maladies and should be brought to a realization that the end was not yet, a tragic finale would be considered a profitable swap for probable calamities. But the deed is done and one couple, at least, are spared the mortification of finding out, sooner or later, that neither is infallible, and both are mortal.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPINNING WHEEL.

I've spun many a mile of yarn,
That's been woven into clothes,
Worn by people now in glory—
At least I will so suppose.

Now I'm asked to spin a story,
And I don't quite like the task,
For I'm old and gray from spinning,
But I'll spin this for the last.

Observe my sturdy frame of oak,
And see—of three legs I can boast;
These mean the holy trinity
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

My wheel, like time, has not an end,
And band that runs around its rim;

KODAKS.

Like life, is bound to snap in twain
When age has worn it old and thin.

Now, let me speak about my head.
You see that it is lined with steel,
And, like the crank of modern times,
Within it runs a little wheel.

My head of steel, my heart of oak,
My wheel, that never knew an end,
Have been in service all my life—
I've always been a faithful friend.

I've seen the roses fade from cheeks
For many generations past;
Seen sorrow's cup drained to the dregs;
Seen happiness too great to last.

To think of what I've seen and heard
Unstrings me—makes me pause and reel,
For after all, I'm nothing else
But an old-fashioned spinning wheel.

HISTORIC SETTLERS.

The year 1895 will be remembered long as the year in which so many aged citizens were reported as living in various portions of the country. Not wishing to be thought ignorant on the location and affidavit age of at least one of the old boys, I have made careful search in the country adjacent to Stockton and have discovered a man who remembers perfectly the time Columbus located Chicago and appointed George Washington as consul of same, to hold in trust for Pullman, who would not be over until his youngest son, who was rather a delicate child, got through teething. One thing in particular that vividly impressed the scene on his mind was Chris joshing George about the propensity of the Americans of that period to baldheadedness, and George, standing up bravely for the climate and laying the blame on the inhabitants.

A MEMORY.

Through the haze of recollection
Comes the scent of clover bloom,
Wafted from a grassy meadow
In the pleasant days of June.

And an old red house that nestled
In a grove of maple trees—
Seems as though I hear them waving
In the perfume-laden breeze.

And a lilac bush that shaded
One end of the quaint old house,
I can see the dewdrops sparkling
On the blossom-laden boughs.

Then those sweet old-fashioned flowers—
Verbenas, tulips, geraniums, flox—

KODAKS.

Growing in such wild profusion
 'Round the borders of the walks.

Bees are droning in the clover,
 And upon an old rail fence
Is a little streaked chipmunk
 Scampering in his merriment.

Birds are singing in the woodland,
 Where Jack-in-the-Pulpit blooms—
Everything is joy and gladness
 In the pleasant days of June.

CURIOSITY.

Elisha Gray, inventor of the teleautograph, asserts that "man is such an imperfect organism that it is difficult for him to comprehend even the simpler mysteries of nature." He also states that many things are happening all around him which he does not see or hear. I thoroughly concur with Lishe in all these statements, although our reasoning to arrive at the same conclusion may vary a trifle. But what matters the method as long as the result is the same? However, I go a trifle further than Elisha and say, Why should man fathom the mysteries of nature? Man, in his natural state, is an animal, with animal instincts, and man, in his educated state, retains these instincts, which are the gratification of his five senses. If he is a barbarian and has vices extraordinary, his fellow-barbarians kill him; if he is civilized and has vices, they are

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glossed over by the polish of education, and he is not only tolerated but courted. A brain that could retain a knowledge of one per cent. of the sayings and doings of the world has never been cast, and if it should ever be cast, the owner thereof could never hope to live long enough for the shifting scene to pass before him. Hence why should nature, that struggled along for countless centuries without the aid of man, be asked to yield her secrets to his vulgar curiosity? If permitted to understand even an iota of nature's methods, he would attempt to remodel them according to his own ideas. Then why not abandon the idea and content himself with preying on his fellow-creatures, one upon the other, and reserving nature for a playground—a something to be admired and enjoyed, but not to be pried into, for many a casket supposed to hold priceless treasures has, when broken into, been found to contain nothing but a skeleton? Elisha's remark about not seeing and hearing a great many things that are around him is very true. Think of a man trying to cross a street with a cable-car coming from each direction, a half dozen wagons jogging along at different speeds, a Salvation Army band playing on the corner, and a few other rackets, endeavoring to see and

KODAKS.

hear all that was going on. Yes, and think of one who would want to see and hear it all. If you know of such a one, buy and send him to Lishe, to practice on, thereby endearing yourself to Elisha; also endearing yourself to the individual's neighbors, who certainly should be pleased to be rid of a man having a patent right on so much curiosity.

A MOOD.

When winds of winter whistle round the eaves,
While raindrops splash against the window
panes,
Who does not not love to sit by cosy fire,
With fancy running riot with loose reins?

The panorama of the world is shown to view—
The forms of all the continents of earth,
With waves of ocean frothing at their sides,
And sparkling rivers that entwine their girth.

Great caps of snow in land of midnight sun,
Streaked with reflections of Borealis' gleam,
Where squatty Esquimaux, in huts of ice,
Are happy with their own cold storage scheme.

KODAKS.

Land of the tropics, where the orb of day
Beats down with sensuous and torrid glare
On jungles, where the vegetation rank
For beast and serpent forms a welcome lair.

Islands of all nations, dotted here and there,
Cropping from out the mass of billowing blue
Like specks—or, rather, any hills of the sea—
Each showing some new phase or hue.

Between the great extremes of heat and cold,
In setting of the stage of real life,
Some sections teeming with the fruits of peace
And others struggling with want and strife.

This is the spot where longest fancy lingers;
For here are puppets that the mind can call
Who for a time have place in public note
Ere wealth or wisdom totters and they fall.

Each city, reeking with its load of life,
Who tread their way beneath its lofty spires,
Comes for an instant to the eye of mind
Their views, their hopes, and still unfilled
desires.

KODAKS.

The ocean steamers battling with storm-tossed
sea,
The railroad tracks like cobwebs o'er the land,
With birds of passage flitting here and there,
Whose lives are in the hollow of God's hand.

Brought closely to the eye, the scene reveals
Each mortal struggling for self alone—
No matter what the color, garb or calling,
Without respect to any rule or zone.

This is the world, and this is life,
Viewed at a glance in retrospective mood.
If any doubt they toil for self alone
'Tis self alone they have misunderstood.

A MELODY OF LONG AGO.

There's a dear old peal of melody
Still ringing in my ears,
Though time has rolled into the past
More than a score of years.

The strain brings back to memory
A wide, clear, rippling stream;
On its grassy bank I loved to lay
And watch the clouds and dream.

Great masses of white went sailing by
O'er the canopy of azure hue,
Jostling together, then drifting apart,
Like leaving old friends for new.

The air was scented with dainty perfume
From wild flowers in shady dell,
While borne on the breath of a summer breeze
Was the sound of the village bells.



KODAKS.

Clanging away in the distant spires,
Large ones and small ones and all,
The rich, the poor, the outcast and beggar
To the worship of God they call.

But distance softened the brazen clang,
And when it had reached my ears
An anthem of praise was graven therein
That has lasted all these years.

I've heard the hymns of eternal praise,
With accompaniment of organ grand;
Have heard the airs of our nation free
Rendered by world-wide famous band—

Have listened to singers of great renown,
When tears to my eyes would well—
But sweeter by far was the summer morn,
With the chime of the village bells.

PHILOSOPHY.

The "Nothing-too-tough-to-tackle" Debating Society at their last session wrestled with the question, "Is a philosopher a necessary evil?" No verdict was reached, as most of the members claimed to lack knowledge of the requisites for a full-fledged philosopher of the modern era. Those who had the affirmative side had compiled their informaton from the life of Socrates and a few of those pioneers who persisted that a wagon wheel could travel on smooth ground as well as in a rut, and were ruled out of order as being a long way behind the times. The sustainers of the negative theory were willing to admit that a genuine, simon-pure philosopher would be a handy thing to have in the community, but asserted that there hadn't been but one born during the last century; that he was apprenticed to a clergyman and expired in convulsions when he discovered the actual limit of his philosophications.

Mr. Talkary, in the course of his remarks, said: "The trouble with the average philosopher

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of this era is that he possesses peculiarities and insists on certain regularities of habit that are not compatible with philosophy. It is no trick at all for a well-fed, well-clothed man to specify a plan whereby men and women could be comfortable and happy. He has a supreme contempt for the sentimental idiosyncrasies of humanity in general; sometimes because he does not possess a spot in his heart and soul that is susceptible to color, but more often because he has a surfeit of pleasures. Age is a great promoter of philosophy, so it is not proper for a man to claim as a virtue something that is simply a non-desire. Your true philosopher is the one who, with his belly sticking to his back from lack of food, his shoulder-blades and knees cropping out of tattered garments, whose vitality is sapped by disease and whose heart is aching for just a few loving words of comfort, stretches out his hands and tells his hearers that while life seems to be a troubled sea it is in reality a haven of beauteous rest; that if happiness were placed in one scale and sorrow in the other there could be no doubt of happiness being the dominating force. That is philosophy, and an expounder of such philosophy would leave a name to be remembered long, and a lesson that would be remembered not at all."

POMPOSITY'S SOLILOQUY IN THE GRAVEYARD.

An old-time friend of Pomposity's went the way of all flesh, and a mutual friend asked him if he was going to attend the funeral. "No, sir; not much. I will not go to a funeral. It's bad enough for me to know that some time I have got to go to my own, and I don't want to be reminded of it and made blue by uncanny thoughts of the tomb, let alone the possible evils of futurity. And there's another thing, too. I can't go out to the cemetery without getting mad—madder than blazes. I walk through the city of the dead and see a nice tombstone over a man who owed me seven hundred dollars. Over there a monument—the son-of-a-gun under it skipped out for the hereafter and I held his paper for two thousand. Down yonder a vault; the marble clay that reposes within left me mourning to the tune of thirty-five hundred; and so on. I think I've got

KODAKS.

about thirty or forty thousand dollars reposing under the daisies, and I tell you what, I'm not going to arouse my ire so that it will compel me to journey into the next world to try and collect that money."

THE LANE OF LIFE.

Canto the First.

A babe, first seeing light of day,
Makes lusty clamor at the sight and scene—
Mourns till cradled in a mother's arms,
When clothed and nursed it slumbers all serene.

No will of self did ever give it birth.
'Twas but a turn of fortune's wheel
That gave it life and lungs and hunger
And dormant passion it must sometime feel.

From swaddling clothes and crawling on the
floor
It reaches kilts and a desire to walk.
Finding encouragement in these old arts,
Soon it has learned to pout and talk.

KODAKS.

A kindergarten gives the rudiments,
When kilts are changed for knickers, and the
joy
Is seen displayed in the new garb—
The baby now has grown to be a boy.

A boy who goes to school and everywhere
That every other boy has gone before;
Who learns to whistle, dance and swear—
Who never has too much to ask for more.

He fancies baseball, boating, guns.
Of course, he has to have a bike.
And almost every game that's known
He has a penchant for and likes.

His boyish troubles vanish like the mist
That hovers o'er the meadow in the morn;
He may be angry, but he cannot make it last.
No more than he could help his being born.

From school to college. The momentous step
Changes the tenor of his heart and frame;
He longs for knowledge and for power
Upon the scroll of fame to carve his name.

KODAKS.

Some damsel fair now mingles with his dreams—
A creature whom he loves and longs to wed—
She worries him throughout the livelong day;
All other thoughts are driven from his head.

She must be his. He'd roam the world
To lay its treasures at her feet,
Only his bright collegiate course
Lacks some two years of being quite complete.

These are the days when lagging time
Is thorn that pierces deep his side,
Though he will learn ere many years
How fast the days can by him glide.

Those college days, those golden hours,
When he has thought the road so wide,
With friends drawn up in double tiers
To do him honor as a nation's pride—

They pass away and seem a dream,
When looking backward he has read
The funeral of his hopes and loves
And of the girl he didn't wed.

He carves his way like other men
In some allotted walk of life,

KODAKS.

Where business ventures cool his blood
By keeping him in constant strife.

He's found another girl who fits
A place within his heart and soul—
Who spurs him on to brilliant deeds,
Helps him to win his fame and goal.

Thus he has blindly paved the way
For sorrow that must come to all
Who make an idol of the clay
That must make answer when the Master calls.

He's gathered cares that haunt and jeer
Or grimace while his feet they trip;
That gloat with joy when some loved cup
Slips from his grasp when almost to his lip.

He's past his prime. The downward path
That leads, as all roads lead—to death—
Lies straight ahead. 'He cannot swerve,
Nor can he call one wasted breath.

He sees his hopes fade one by one,
Though here and there a flashing ray
Just for a moment lights his path,
And seems the Ruler's hand to stay.

KODAKS.

The struggles o'er, he knows the worst—
Knows that his work on earth is done;
Learns that the time has come to die
When love of life has just begun.

Could he but start in life anew,
With knowledge gained and stored away,
What power he'd have to beck and call
To hold the world and make it sway.

Such strange, wild longings fill his heart,
That from his fate he fain would flee,
But, failing there, turns to the One
Who gave him life with its decree.

Darker and darker grow the days,
The pride to rule or ruin wanes,
Till kindly spirits calm his woes
And soothe the rancor in his veins.

The calm of peace steals o'er his brow;
His wrinkled hands have idle grown—
Never again will passion thrill,
For God has called his spirit home.

KODAKS.

Canto the Second.

The power that rules this universe,
That placed man in His image here,
Has method, born of judgment rare,
Which guides his step from cradle to the bier.

He places follies where they'll tempt,
Yet form a guard to point the way
So none need falter at their task
Or from the path be led astray.

These guide-boards oft are lost to sight
By man, who, hurrying to a goal,
Forgets the light of love and day—
Forgets he does not own his soul.

A soul that's tortured, tempted, tried,
In ways most hard to comprehend—
Which knows its weakness all too well
And many times will sway and bend.

Some careful plan has come to naught;
Courage has oozed from out his finger-tips;
Some cup of joy was dashed to earth
When draught had all but passed his lips.

KODAKS.

What can he do? "Begin his life anew"
Is what the looker-on would calmly say,
Not counting what the loss has cost
Or that the man, mayhap, has had his day.

All have a day, and some have two or more—
The hero royal never knows defeat;
He'll trim his barque upon another course
And, smiling, say, "The charm of life is sweet."

He takes a pattern from the years that glide
And finds a lesson in the shifting scene—
The garb of spring, the summer's glow,
The autumn harvest and the winter keen.

No matter what one year has brought,
Though it be scourged by pestilence and flame,
A new one calmly takes its place,
Leaving the old a simple page of fame.

Pages of fame are sometimes pleasant tales
Of those who rollicked on the crest of power—
Those whom some stroke of fortune made
The showy heroes of the passing hour.

A new year is a scroll all pure and fair,
Unmarred by deed of brain or brawn—

KODAKS.

A curtain rising like the sun,
Tinting the landscape with the rosy dawn.

Showing a future all wide and unexplored,
Waiting for man to scribe upon the page
The deeds that proclaim for the hour
The greatest hero and the greatest sage.

More unknown heroes grace a silent tomb
Than e'er found herald to proclaim their
worth;
More unknown heroes walk the world to-day
Than known ones hidden in the silent earth.

Canto the Third.

Grave Censor who proscribes the ways of life,
From blade of grass to wisest of the seers,
Has recourse oftentimes to subtle art
To light a pathway or allay a fear.

So guarded is the whispering voice,
Almost unheard amongst the slumbering
bowers,
That listener ensconced amidst the bloom
Thinks 'tis a breeze but murmuring through
the flowers.

KODAKS.

The rippling stream or mountain cataract
That thunders through a dark ravine
Knows naught of law, yea, has no care,
So sparkles on with merry, joyous paean.

Serene in ignorance of fate that waits
Upon some dim and distant shore,
Where silvery rivers leaving wooded hills
Are merged within the breakers' sullen roar.

Yea, lost. Their life blood mingles with the tide;
Rolls in and out upon the yellow sands,
Or mingles with some wayward current
And strays to kiss the shores of other lands.

Bright-hearted Sol, who warms the heart and
soul,
Peers down upon the ocean's foam,
Plucks from the billow's emerald crest
The shattered mist and claims it as his own.

Long rays of light stream from the orb of fire,
Spread like a fan of texture frail and fair;
But each has set for it a task,
And for the mist of ocean forms a stair.

KODAKS.

Upward they climb, beyond the mountain top,
Until they halt and form heroic stand,
As though they feared the Heavenly power
And dared not lose the sight of sea and land.

Each day adds to their banded strength,
Until at last their sinew seems so strong,
They scorn the hand of Sol who holds them there
And wonder they have owned him King so
long.

The fleecy mass, nursed by the wraith of hate,
Changes to sombre, dismal hue;
Grim mutterings drown all peaceful overtures,
While flashing satire pierces through and
through.

At war with selves, they reck not of their path;
In wild confusion flee from unknown foe.
Till scattered on the earth they lie.
Once more to swell a streamlet's cheery flow.

Again they sparkle in the light of day—
Again they bubble through the leafy dells,
Knowing new joy at seeing olden scenes,
Hearing again the sound of wedding bells.

KODAKS.

Sweet dreamy chimes, pealing soft and low,
Telling that life begins anew,
Leading again through lush of woodland,
Until once more they reach the ocean blue.

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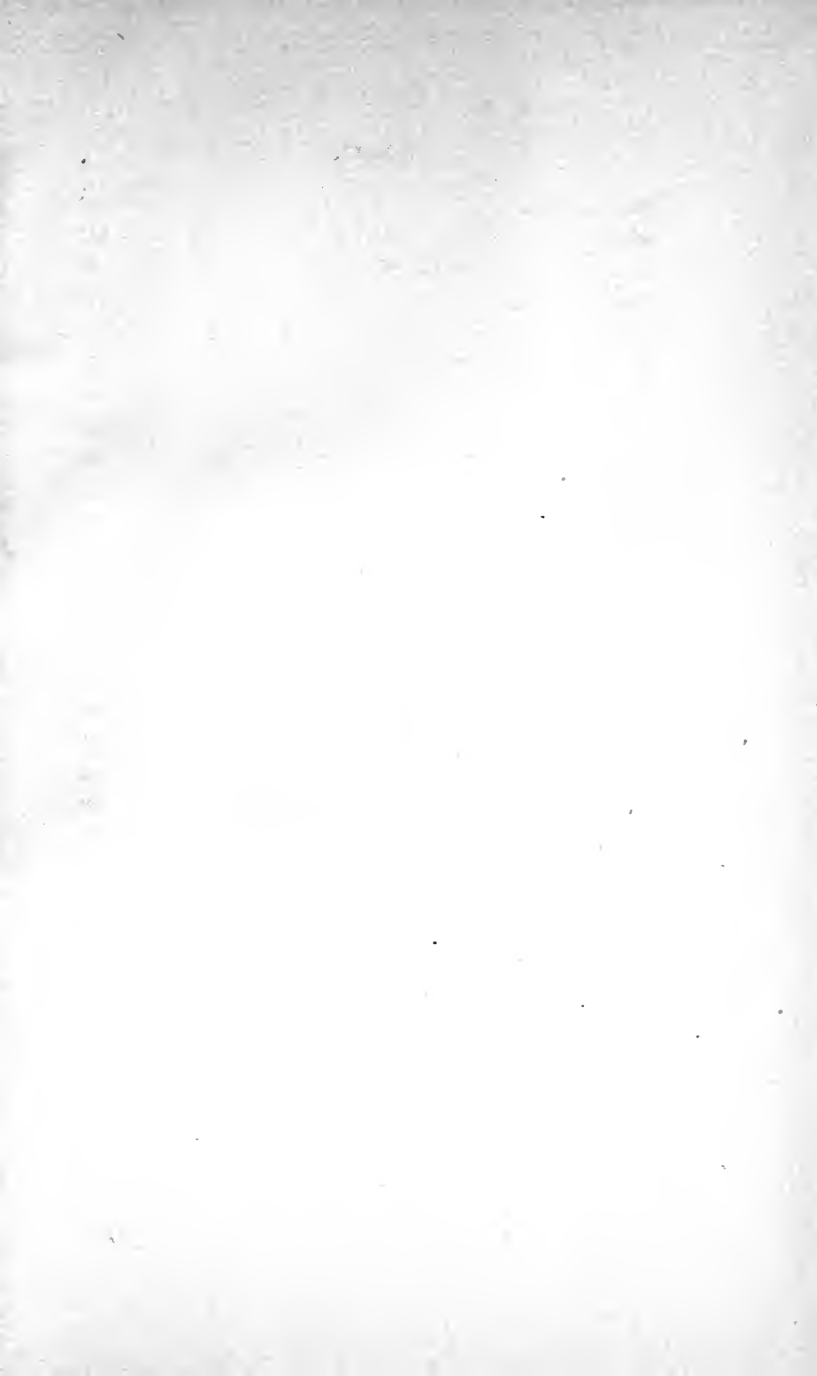
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